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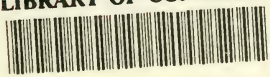
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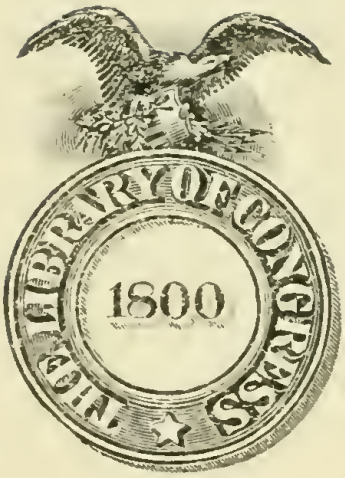

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BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY.

XVI.

CAROLINE WESTERLEY;

OR,

THE YOUNG TRAVELLER FROM OHIO.

BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY.

PROSPECTUS.

THE publishers of the "BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY" propose, under this title, to issue a series of cheap but attractive volumes, designed especially for the young. The undertaking originates not in the impression that there does not already exist in the treasures of the reading world a large provision for this class of the community. They are fully aware of the deep interest excited at the present day on the subject of the mental and moral training of the young, and of the amount of talent and labour bestowed upon the production of works aiming both at the solid culture and the innocent entertainment of the inquisitive minds of children. They would not therefore have their projected enterprise construed into an implication of the slightest disparagement of the merits of their predecessors in the same department. Indeed it is to the fact of the *growing abundance* rather than to the *scarcity* of useful productions of this description that the design of the present work is to be traced; as they are desirous of creating a channel through which the products of the many able pens enlisted in the

service of the young may be advantageously conveyed to the public.

The contemplated course of publications will more especially embrace such works as are adapted, not to the extremes of early childhood or of advanced youth, but to that intermediate space which lies between childhood and the opening of maturity. when the trifles of the nursery and the simple lessons of the school-room have ceased to exercise their beneficial influence, but before the taste for a higher order of mental pleasure has established a fixed ascendency in their stead. In the selection of works intended for the rising generation in this plastic period of their existence, when the elements of future character are receiving their moulding impress, the publishers pledge themselves that the utmost care and scrupulosity shall be exercised. They are fixed in their determination that nothing of a questionable tendency on the score of sentiment shall find admission into pages consecrated to the holy purpose of instructing the thoughts, regulating the passions, and settling the principles of the young.

In fine, the publishers of the "Boy's and Girl's Library" would assure the public that an adequate patronage alone is wanting to induce and enable them to secure the services of the most gifted pens in our country in the proposed publication, and thus to render it altogether worthy of the age and the object which call it forth, and of the countenance which they solicit for it.

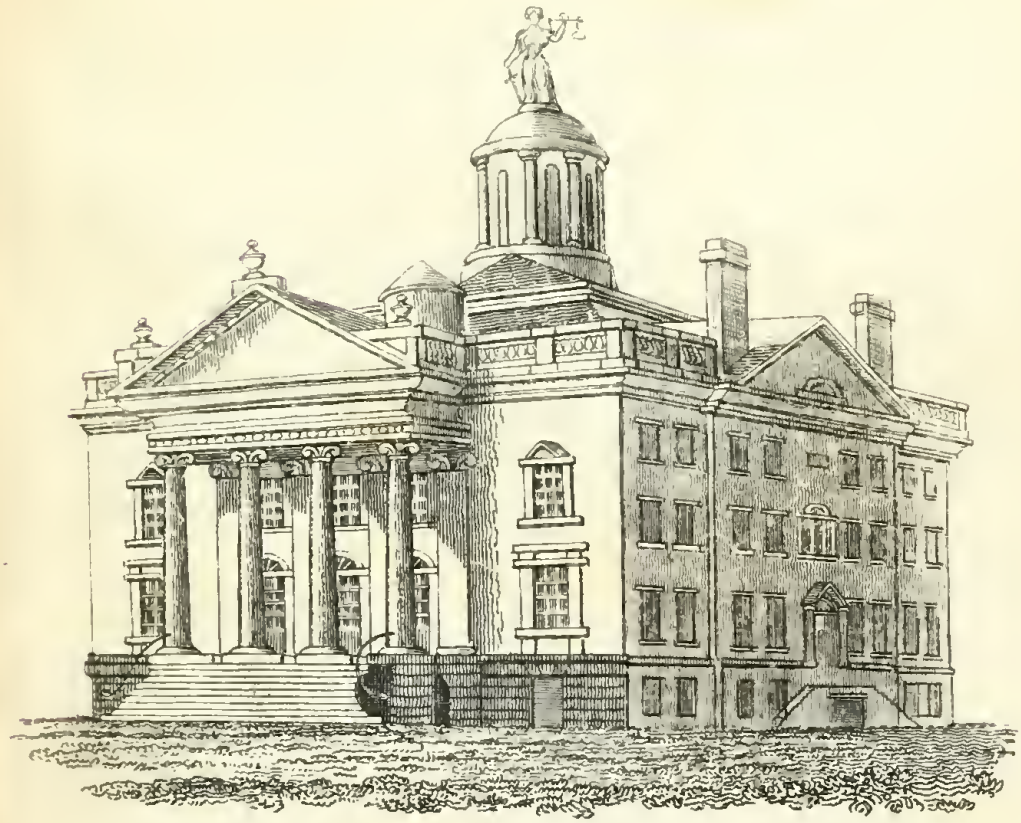
J & J. HARPER.

CAROLINE WESTERLEY;

OR, THE

Young Traveller,

from Ohio.



Capitol Albany.

New York.

J & J. HARPER, 82, CLIFF ST

1833.

Harper's Stereotype Edition.

CAROLINE WESTERLEY;

OR,

THE YOUNG TRAVELLER FROM OHIO.

CONTAINING

THE LETTERS OF A YOUNG LADY OF SEVENTEEN,
WRITTEN TO HER SISTER.

NEW-YORK:

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F123

ADDRESS

TO THE

JUVENILE READER.

The following Letters are presented to the American youth, with the hope that they may be found both amusing and instructive. The example of the "young traveller," in describing the events of her journey, and the various objects which she saw, is a very good one, and may induce some other young persons to set about acquiring the same habit.

It is not to be supposed, however, that she would have been able to write with facility, had she not been in the practice of composing. She very early in life commenced a journal, and seldom suffered a day to pass without writing at least a page. She had also learned a great deal of history, geography, and the natural history of the various objects which the earth exhibits—minerals, plants, and

animals. She knew something of chymistry, natural philosophy, and the philosophy of the human mind; and was thus able to understand much of what she saw and heard. Her mind was of a contemplative and observing cast, and led her to investigate, not only things, but the actions of others. Endowed by nature with a quick perception of right and wrong, and having received, under the care of wise parents, an excellent education, she considered morality and religion as the foundations on which all that is truly valuable in the characters of mankind must be built; and wherever she perceived these essentials to be wanting, she thought little of the most brilliant accomplishments, as bestowing worth upon their possessor.

Although not censorious, nor disposed to speak of the faults of her fellow-beings, yet, in writing to her sister, who was younger than herself, and whose character was less decided, she felt it a duty to point out the weaknesses and follies which she observed in others, in order to caution her against them. These letters proved of great service to Louisa, who knew the worth and elevation of Caroline's character, and had ever found in her an affec-

tionate sister, a tender friend, and a judicious adviser: she was, therefore, disposed to read whatever she wrote with great interest and attention, and to practise her advice as far as possible.

With these introductory remarks, we will now proceed to give our young readers some account of the person whose letters are here presented to them, and of the interesting family of which she was a member.

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SKETCH

OF THE

WESTERLEY FAMILY.

Theodore Westerley was the son of a wealthy merchant, who resided in a town in Connecticut, not far from the river which bears the same name.

As he exhibited in childhood marks of a superior intellect, his parents early destined him for one of the learned professions. Accordingly, he was prepared for college, and entered at Yale, in New-Haven, before he had reached his sixteenth year. His collegiate course passed with distinguished honour to himself, and much to the satisfaction of his friends. Although he had from childhood evinced a deep and serious interest in religion, and had early made a public profession of his faith in the doctrines of the Cross, he yet preferred to engage in the study of law rather than that of theology; assigning as a reason for this, that the former profession contained but few Christians, and needed additions of such members as were friends to piety. He could see no

reason why a man might not be a conscientious Christian and at the same time a learned advocate; why he might not defend the cause of religion while his duty also led him to defend the innocent and oppressed.

After completing his studies at a celebrated law school in Litchfield, Theodore Westerley returned to the house of his parents, intending to remain in his native village until he should fix on some place for a permanent residence. During this interval, he renewed his acquaintance with some of the families in his native town, and allowed himself more of the pleasures of society than he had thought proper while pursuing his education. It is not improbable that he might have had in this some views with respect to the selection of a future companion in life; however this may be, he soon began to manifest an increasing interest for a young lady, who, though she had been his school-mate in childhood, he had not seen, or scarcely thought of, for many years. He remembered Caroline Clayton as a little flaxen-headed girl, for whom he used to climb trees to get cherries, and with whom he had wandered over the fields, gathering strawberries in little baskets made of oak leaves, pinned together with thorns; he remembered, too, that once or twice when at home in his college vacations, he had met Caroline in his rural walks, accompanied by other young girls, and that she then

had appeared shy, and as if she feared he might speak to her.

But he now found Caroline Clayton a dignified, elegant, well-informed young lady, and, what in his opinion was of much more importance, a pious and humble Christian.

The village gossips soon began to speak of the visits of young Westerley to the house of Mr. Clayton, and all joined in saying that Miss Caroline would make him an excellent wife. Theodore readily found excuses for going to a place where he always found himself happy; sometimes he went to return a book, at others to carry Miss Clayton a new publication which he had received, some natural curiosity, or a bouquet of fresh gathered flowers.

In his frequent visits to Mr. Clayton's, he had opportunities of observing that the domestic education of Caroline had not been neglected in the cultivation of her mind. He saw that neatness and order prevailed, not only in her person and the little parlour in which she usually sat, but existed in other parts of the house; even the kitchen, which had at times come under his observation, was always tidy and clean. He knew that these things were all under the eye of Caroline, whose mother was infirm, and who had no servant but a young and untaught girl. Theodore even became so much domesticated in the

family, that he used to walk into the little parlour without knocking ; and when Caroline was not there, as he knew she often passed some time in the kitchen, he would venture to make his way into that humble apartment. Caroline Clayton thought it no discredit to herself to be found employed in household operations ; and was often during the morning hours seen at the ironing-table, making pastry, or superintending other culinary operations. She was always neat in her person ; her hair, which was simply dressed before breakfast, was never seen rolled up in papers, and thus giving her fine face a disagreeable expression; in short, Theodore Westerley thought she never appeared to better advantage than when exercise in domestic duties had given a deeper glow to her complexion, and a clean checked linen apron tied over her gingham dress at once betokened her neatness and humility. Neither could he but regard the absence of embarrassment manifested by Caroline on those occasions as a proof of the real dignity of her character. Many young ladies he had known, who, with a house full of attendants, and nothing to do but to take care of their own persons, were often found in dishabille, and observed to be confused at the unexpected entrance of visiters.

It was not a subject of long deliberation with young Westerley, whether the amiable Caroline was

fitted to be the wife of one who looked forward to a high station in life; for though he was not inordinately ambitious, the young man felt that with the advantages of talents, education, and some fortune, with which he should begin his professional career, he could scarcely fail of distinction. He thought that Caroline did not view him with indifference, though nothing in her manner had given him any assurance of affection; the young lady very properly considering that female delicacy required a careful command of her feelings, and forbade that she should bestow her affections upon any gentleman, until assured, by his own unequivocal declarations, of his serious and honourable attachment to herself. It was probably this command over her imagination which had rendered the appearance of Caroline so calm and unembarrassed under the various circumstances in which Theodore had seen her, and thus gave her an advantage which otherwise she would not have possessed.

In process of time, Theodore Westerley became the acknowledged suitor of Miss Clayton, and it was arranged that their marriage should take place as soon as he had fixed upon a situation in which to commence business. In reflecting upon this important step, he was led to believe, that for a young man of enterprise and resolution, the then new State

of Ohio presented many attractions: in his own State the professions were filled, and little inducement as respected business seemed to offer for settling here. He felt also no small degree of enthusiasm at the idea of carrying civilization and religion into the wilderness, and of being instrumental, in the hand of God, of causing it to blossom as the rose.

Under the influence of these feelings, he travelled westward of the Hudson, examining the advantages of the different places through which he passed, until, arriving at the Ohio River, he began to see around him a country whose promised advantages and delightful situation seemed to be a pledge that here his dreams of happiness and usefulness might be realized. After due examination, he purchased a tract of land, which lay at the mouth of one of the branches of the Ohio. This creek, sweeping around in a semicircular manner, did in fact form an island of several miles in extent, having the Ohio River on the south side. A small lake, imbosomed by undulating hills, and reflecting from its clear waters the thick and beautiful foliage of the trees which hung over its banks, added effect to the scenery of the island. In contrast to the calmness of the little lake, the Ohio might be seen, dashing wildly along over a rocky bed, forming rapids for a considerable distance, and

then precipitating its waters down a perpendicular precipice of more than thirty feet.

A kind of table-land at some distance from the margin of the river, and which overlooked not only that, but the little fairy lake we have described, appeared to Mr. Westerley as a fine site for building, affording, as it did, so many beautiful and picturesque views. This table-land extended northerly into a level and fertile plain, until terminated by the little creek we have already named.

It was to this little paradise, yet wild from the hand of its Creator, as was the Garden of Eden when our first parents were placed within it, that Theodore Westerley resolved to bring her who, in his opinion, was well fitted to adorn society or to give a charm to solitude. However, as a flourishing town was at no great distance, and the island itself favourably situated for the establishment of manufactories, and presented many fine mill-seats, he thought they should have not only the advantages of occasional society from the neighbouring town, but soon gather around them a little neighbourhood of their own.

The first thing to be done was to erect a saw-mill, for the purpose of getting out timber for building; and the next to employ labourers in clearing off the luxuriant growth of trees and underwood, in order

to make room for a house and garden. Mr. Westerley remained at the spot which he had chosen for his future home long enough to see a saw-mill in operation, and a comfortable, though humble, dwelling of hewn logs erected and finished with more neatness than such houses usually are. He also made arrangements for a vegetable garden to be planted, and leaving in his new house a trusty couple who had been recommended from the neighbouring town, he returned to Connecticut.

Had his intended wife been any other female of equal refinement and pretension to Caroline Clayton, he felt that he should never dare to propose to her to commence housekeeping in a log-house ; but he well knew that Caroline's good judgment would enable her to understand his views of future improvement, and that she would enjoy no less than himself the fine prospects of nature which their residence afforded, and be content to wait a few years, until the elegancies of art and the refinements of polished life might give to these an additional beauty.

Mr. Westerley was not mistaken in his views of the strength of Caroline's character, who, having chosen him for her husband, knew it to be her duty to acquiesce in whatever plans he might form for future life. Her greatest trial she felt would be in leaving her parents, to whom her attentions had be-

come almost necessary ; but then her younger sister had just returned from school, and was now qualified to take her place in the family.

In a few days after the marriage of Theodore Westerley and Caroline Clayton, they bade adieu to the scenes of their childhood, to the familiar faces of parents, relations, and friends, and set out for their new habitation. Some mechanics and labourers with their families, had been induced to emigrate with Mr. Westerley, from the representations he had made of the advantages they might enjoy, to which, from their knowledge of his character, they had given entire credence. The father of Theodore, with his paternal blessing, bestowed upon him a sufficient sum of money to defray the expense of his purchase, and to secure him against want in case of misfortune or disappointments in business. Caroline, on her part, knowing that her husband needed no assistance from her parents, refused to take any thing more from them than the stores of nice snow-white linen which her own hands had helped to manufacture, and which could be easily conveyed in the travelling wagons of the good people who were to follow them to Ohio.

It would be making this relation quite too long to attempt to describe minutely the various changes which a few years wrought in the aspect of things

at Pleasant Valley, which was the name of Mr. Westerley's residence. Providence had smiled on his exertions; a little village had arisen around him, the inhabitants of which regarded him and his amiable companion as their benefactors and friends. He had early distinguished himself in his profession, and though his secluded habitation prevented his being employed in trifling business, yet in most affairs of importance in the county, and in other parts of the State, his counsel was sought. The reputation he had acquired of being conscientious in his practice, of not encouraging litigation, and of never attempting to blend truth and falsehood, or of making the worse seem the better side, had given him a weight of influence with courts and juries, which rendered him unusually successful at the bar. Villains did not go to him for aid, knowing that his penetrating mind would at once detect their attempts at fraud, and that they could hope for no countenance in those things from one who was governed by principle, and had ever held himself above all bribes: but with confidence did the innocent and injured look to him as their defender, and never did he feel himself more happy than when successful in their cause.

The log-house had furnished the Westerleys with a comfortable and happy home, until time enabled them to erect a splendid mansion, and to furnish it

in a style corresponding to its elegance, and the wealth and distinction which its owners had acquired. The two eldest of Mrs. Westerley's children were daughters, Caroline and Louisa. These she had preferred to educate herself, both as she considered it delightful employment, and believed it might be better for her children to remain with her until their characters should be in some degree formed, and their principles established. She had occasionally visited her parents in Connecticut, and travelled much with her husband in other parts of the United States; she had also passed some winters with him in Washington, where public business had occasionally called him to spend some months: but as her daughters grew older, she chose to remain principally with them, in order to pursue those regular plans of education which she had laid down. Mr. Westerley, when at home, failed not to render his wife his assistance in her pleasant labours: he taught his daughters Latin, and something of the Greek, leaving the modern languages to the care of Mrs. Westerley, who was a proficient in French and Spanish, and knew something of Italian. Possessing a great fondness for natural science, Mr. Westerley instructed his daughters in mineralogy, especially that part more immediately connected with geology; and having provided himself with a small chymical appa-

ratus, encouraged them to make experiments with their own hands, in order to become practically acquainted with the principles of chymistry,—a science for which the interesting lectures of the professor at Yale College had early given him a taste. As to botany, there were wild flowers upon the shores of their romantic lake, the banks of the Ohio, or of their little creek, and upon the uplands of their island, that were not familiar to his young pupils.

When Caroline Westerley had attained her seventeenth year, her father proposed that she should accompany him in a journey, which, partly for pleasure, and partly for business, he was going to make to New-England.

As Mrs. Westerley's parents were still living, and had often expressed an earnest desire that their grandchildren should visit them, and her sister, now a maiden lady, and possessed of much information and knowledge of the world, was an inmate of the paternal dwelling, she acquiesced in her husband's proposal of leaving Caroline for a year in Connecticut.

The letters of this young lady may be perused with greater interest by the juvenile reader, from being acquainted with the preceding particulars of the family history: her character may be best understood by her letters, which appear to be written with

entire sincerity, and without any intention of exalting herself by dwelling on her own perfections. The air of piety which they breathe, the discrimination of character which they manifest, and the desire of knowledge which they evince, show that the care of her parents in her education was richly rewarded. It will be seen that Miss Westerley did not entertain her sister with those topics on which young ladies too often dwell in their epistolary correspondence. She said little of beaux, fashions, or romantic adventures, things which too many of her age and sex consider as making the chief interest of life, and which lead them to overlook opportunities of improvement, by diverting their minds from the path of knowledge and duty.

Those young people whose minds have become vitiated, by much indulgence in reading books which give to life a colouring that belongs not to its real scenes, or who have learned to despise useful knowledge, in their admiration for what is brilliant and superficial, will not admire the character of Caroline Westerley, or find any thing interesting in her letters. They will consider her historical allusions tedious, her remarks upon natural scenery and scientific facts dry and unintelligible. They will not deem it possible that a young lady of seventeen, possessed of a fine person, fortune, and distinction, could

amuse herself in travelling, by collecting plants, looking at the formation of rocks, or inquiring into the history of the various parts of the country through which she passed; that she could feel satisfied with the attentions and conversation of her father, without a sigh for flattery and admiration.

But these letters are not given to the public with any expectations on the part of the publishers that they will be well received by people who have been spoiled by bad or superficial educations. Happily, there are at the present day many intelligent parents, and many wise teachers, who are training up their children and pupils in the "way they should go." To those thus educated the publishers present the following letters, in the belief that they will not only be able to understand them, but to produce such as will equal, if not surpass them.

SERIES OF LETTERS

FROM

CAROLINE WESTERLEY TO HER SISTER.

LETTER I.

Buffalo, (N. Y.) July —, 1832.

My dear sister Louisa,

For the first time, I find myself at a distance from the calm and rational enjoyments of Pleasant Valley, and the circle of friends who render it so dear to me. Little can you realize how absence decks with new and delightful colours the scenes that we love, and with what sacredness it invests the ties of family friendships. Hitherto I have been accustomed only to the look and voice of affection; my heart has been unchecked in all its kindly emotions, and my welfare and happiness have been all-important to the kind beings with whom I have been associated.

It is true, Louisa, that I have long, with anticipa-

tions natural to a youthful heart, looked forward to the enjoyment of the novelties which travelling would present—I have desired to see places of which I have read and heard; and especially to visit the birthplace of our parents, that dear New-England, of which they are still so fond, notwithstanding their long absence from it, and the prosperity which they have enjoyed on the banks of the Ohio. And we too, my sister, owe much to this "Land of the Pilgrims." The education which our father received at Yale College, and our mother at the school of Miss H., at Pittsfield, has enabled them to give us advantages which few children can enjoy under the paternal roof. How faithful, how unwearied have been the efforts of these inestimable parents to form the minds of their children to habits of reflection; how untiringly have they laboured to fit us for time and for eternity! Ungrateful shall we be, if we use not every effort to second their labours for our benefit.

But yet, were it only my own pleasure that I thought of in going abroad, I should now beg papa to take the next boat which ascends Lake Erie, and restore me to the home of my infancy. The truth is, I am already tired of encountering the inquisitive glances of strangers, especially of that class called *fashionable people*, who seem to think them-

selves privileged to stare a country girl like me out of countenance.

I have promised to give you the particulars of my journey, and you will no doubt prefer reading these to all my sage reflections. We will then go back to the moment of our parting on board the steamboat at Cleveland. It was well that the sudden ringing of the parting bell hurried away mamma, and brother James, and *ma petite Louise*, as the confusion of the moment prevented that heart-ache and those tears that must otherwise have accompanied our separation. Our boat was off, as you know, the instant after you had landed, and papa and I stood leaning upon the railing and following you with our eyes as you mournfully walked towards the carriage, which waited to take you to a solitary home. Yet, influenced by a foolish idea, which arose from the superstitious legends of old nurse Tomkins, I forbore to look at you until quite out of sight; because I remembered that this was a "sign" that friends would never meet again. Papa smiled as with tearful eyes I asked him to walk with me to the other side of the boat; he seemed to penetrate the silly fear which dictated my anxiety, and took that occasion to remark on the great absurdity of supposing the providence of God to be influenced by such trifles as the breaking of a looking-glass, the flight

of a bird, and many other events to which the vulgar attach importance.

By this time our boat was well under way, and dashing rapidly through the waves of Lake Erie. The image of the clear blue sky was reflected from the bosom of the lake, except where the golden rays of a bright sun reposed in liquid brilliancy upon the unruffled water. My heart, which had sunk within me at the thought of a long separation from my dear home, gradually expanded under the influence of the scene. I thought of the mighty Power which had imagined and created the world of waters, the wonders of the land, and the glories of the heavens. But of all the works of God which are manifested to us, the human mind, with its powers of observation and discovery, appeared most wonderful. How grand and curious, thought I, is that invention which subjects to the control of man two of the most destructive elements in nature, fire and water. Papa and I were sitting near the steam-engine, each had been occupied with our own peculiar thoughts, when papa, observing me watching the *piston* as it rose and fell at regular intervals, asked me to tell him on what principle the boat we were in was moved forward. You know, Louisa, that when we studied natural philosophy, mamma endeavoured to teach us this, and that we drew from our book the figure of a

steam-engine, and thought we understood all about it, because we were able by the lesson and mamma's explanation to recite something with fluency, and to explain our drawing. But all this is very different, as I find, from having a practical knowledge of a thing, from seeing real objects before us, and observing with our senses their operations.

Papa, seeing me not prepared to answer his question, asked me to go down stairs with him and see the boiler. I was ashamed to acknowledge my fear of going near what seemed to me so formidable an object as a steamboat boiler, and took his arm with an appearance at least of resolution. However, when I saw the care that was taken by the engineer to prevent accidents, and when he explained to me the method by which he was constantly informed of the extent of the steam power in operation, I perceived that this agent was wholly under his control, and that with strong and sound boilers and a careful manager, there can be no more danger in travelling in a steamboat than in a carriage with a careful driver, gentle horses, and good harness.

While standing near the immense caldron, and observing the great quantity of fuel consumed, papa called my attention to the *principle* on which the *motion by steam* depended ; he explained to me the manner in which a portion of the water in the boiler,

becoming steam upon the application of heat, ascends into a part of the machinery called the *cylinder;* here the steam meeting with the piston, its rising force presses it upward. At the moment the piston is raised by the expansive power of the vapour, a stream of cold water by the opening of a valve is thrown into the cylinder, which instantly condenses the steam, or brings it back into the state of water; this creates a *vacuum*, and the piston, meeting with no resistance, again falls into the cylinder.

We then went on deck, and papa requested me to notice more particularly the machinery of the steam-engine which appeared there; he showed me the horizontal rod or beam which supports the piston, and the fulcrum or axis of its motion. As some compensation to papa for my ignorance, I repeated to him those lines from Darwin which mamma had requested us to learn, when she was endeavouring to teach us the application of steam.

"Nymphs! you erewhile on simmering caldrons play'd,
And call'd delighted Savery to your aid,
Bade round the youth *explosive steam* aspire,
In gathering clouds, and wing'd the wave with fire:
Bade with cold streams the quick expansion stop,
And sank the immense of vapour to a drop.
Press'd with the pond'rous air the piston falls,
Resistless sliding through its iron walls;
Quick moves the balanc'd beam of giant birth,
Wields his large limbs, and nodding shakes the earth."

You will recollect that Savery is the name of the person who first published an account of the steam-engine in England, in 1696.

I wish you to understand what is meant in the lines just quoted, by the *pond'rous air pressing on the piston, and causing it to fall.* When the vacuum is produced in the cylinder by the sudden condensation of steam, if there were no external force upon the piston it would not of course move; but you know the outward air is pressing on all bodies which it surrounds, and this pressure it is which causes the piston to descend, the instant the resistance of the steam is withdrawn. It is on this principle that mercury rises in the barometer, and water ascends in a common pump when the atmospheric air is expelled; thus it is said that "nature abhors a vacuum."

Well, Louisa, I have now endeavoured to tell you something about this operation of steam; but you will begin to think as I did, what has all this to do with the motion of a boat? You can perceive what causes the play of the steam-engine, and you wish to know how this motion is communicated, so as to propel the vast building, which is capable of containing such crowds of people.

"Now you know," I here use papa's words, "that the great thing in mechanics is to produce power or *momentum;* this being accomplished, there is little

difficulty in applying it to any kind of machinery, and to make it a substitute for the labour of men and animals. It was long after the invention of the steam-engine before it was used to move vessels. At first it was only applied to raising water from mines, grinding corn, and blowing large bellows to fuse ores.

"One of our own countrymen, Robert Fulton, is allowed to be the first who successfully applied the power of steam to navigation. It was he who planned a method of attaching paddle-wheels to the engine in such a manner as should enable it to propel a vessel."

Papa then spoke of the great change which this invention had produced in the state of society within the nineteenth century, of its effect upon civilization, literature, and the diffusion of Christianity. I ventured to remind him of Darwin's prophecy respecting the future extension of steam power.

> "Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam! afar
> Drag the huge barge, or drive the rapid car;
> Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
> The flying chariot through the fields of air,
> Fair crews triumphant leaning from above
> Shall wave their fluttering 'kerchiefs as they move,
> Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
> And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

I know you want to hear of *people* and *places*,

and *incidents* and *adventures*, but remember, my dear Louisa, that I, as your *senior*, am bound to instruct as well as amuse you, at least as far as my own poor head contains any knowledge which it may be useful to you to participate in; therefore, you must bear patiently with any attempts I may make to communicate the instructions which I may receive during my journey. But I am now going to gossip a little. By this time you will suppose us somewhat advanced in our voyage; hitherto I had enjoyed the protection and society of our good and kind papa, who had, as you perceive, taken occasion to teach me something useful even in travelling for pleasure. Seating me upon the deck, he then left me to join some gentlemen at a little distance deeply engaged in a political discussion, or at least so I supposed, for I could occasionally hear the names of Jackson, Clay, and Wirt; and all seemed much animated, as you know gentlemen usually are upon such topics.

Few of the ladies on board had been much upon deck, and, for the first time, a party made their appearance, composed of two young misses and a middle-aged lady, whom at once I took to be their mother. They walked towards the side of the boat where I was sitting, too much engaged in conversation to notice so insignificant a being as myself.

"I say, mamma," says the elder of the girls, "I don't want to go back to school; what is the use of spending so much time shut up in that gloomy prison of a seminary, just to have it said that I have been to school as long as Miss Franklin or Miss Vanderpool, who, perhaps, after all, will have to get their living by their education."

"Why, Angeline," said the lady, "you are certainly too young yet to be *brought out*, and you must be contented to stay at school at least one year longer,—you are not as perfect in your music as you ought to be, and you know how much I have thought of having you make a *display* in that, when I first introduce you into society."

"My dear mamma," said a gentle, modest-looking girl, who seemed about twelve years old, "Mrs. T. says we ought not to learn for the sake of *making a display*, but because it is right to improve ourselves in knowledge and accomplishments."

This remark caused the lady to look rather unkindly upon the little girl, and with a severe tone she observed, "Miss Jane, I did not send you to Mrs. T. to learn to contradict my opinions."

"Forgive me, mamma," said Jane with the tears trembling in her mild eyes, "indeed, I did not mean to offend you."

"And pray," said the mother, without appearing

to notice the sorrow of the child, "what does Mrs. T. think we send you to her seminary for, and pay out so much money for your education, if it is not that you may make some figure in the world by acquiring fashionable and genteel accomplishments."

Little Jane hung down her head, and seemed afraid to speak what evidently came to her tongue's end, when Miss Angeline pertly answered, "The truth is, mamma, that Mrs. T. is always preaching to us about *elevated views* and correct principles, and condemning what she calls *fashionable notions* of life and its objects. But you know that is her business; though poor Jane here thinks that every thing Mrs. T. condemns must be wrong; you have no idea how she treasures up all her words, and how much afraid she is of doing something that will offend her; even when we are in our room alone, she will often say to me, 'How do you think Mrs. T. would like to have us do this, or that? or what would Mrs. T. say if she knew such and such things were said in study hours?' I really believe Jane both loves and respects Mrs. T. more than she does her own mother."

The little girl, with a countenance full of grief, looked imploringly at her sister, and then cast an humble and penitent glance towards her mother; the latter seemed touched by her appearance, and

taking her hand, kindly said, "Well, child, you do right to respect the lady who has charge of your education, and I ought not to be displeased with you for it. But it is certainly very strange, that a person so elegant as Mrs. T., and who has herself seen so much of fashionable society, should have such vulgar, methodistical notions.

"To be sure, we must all do our duty in this world, and we ought to observe such things as distinguish the Christian from the heathen. You know, children, that I am active in several benevolent societies, that I had you baptized in infancy, and that I endeavour to conform to the ordinances and institutions of the church to which I belong. But I think it necessary to support a certain style in the world, and that it is right to conform to fashion; for otherwise, how can I expect to get my daughters well settled in life, or to keep them and myself in genteel society."

The lady, apparently convinced by her own arguments, now looked complacently round her, and for the first time her regards fell upon myself, who, without intending to listen, had unavoidably been an auditor to the foregoing family dialogue. I was very sensible that my person, with its appendages, hat, dress, &c., were all undergoing a close scrutiny by this lady of fashion; and probably this consciousness brought a glow upon my cheek, which no doubt

tended to confirm the suspicions already excited, that I was an uncultivated rustic from the woods of Ohio. Indeed, Louisa, I knew well that my straw bonnet made but a poor figure by the side of the elegant English Dunstables of the young ladies. I perceived, too, that although mamma and myself had thought our mantuamaker very extravagant in the size of the sleeves of my merino travelling-dress, yet in comparison with theirs, they were mere babies to giants; and I did not need to look twice to see that in quality the dresses they wore were as much superior to mine, as the fashion in which they were made was more modern. All this, you know, was somewhat new to me, as we have always been quite as well dressed as our neighbours, and from the high standing of our father, accustomed rather to being *looked up to*, than regarded as inferiors.

The elder lady, having coolly and leisurely taken a survey of my person, and evidently arrived at the conclusion that I was not fashionable, and of course unworthy her notice, seemed instantly to forget that such a being had ever appeared to her bodily senses. Miss Angeline, having levelled her eye-glass for a brief moment, and by a certain tact which probably belongs to *le bon ton*, gathered from my *tout ensemble* that I was not of that favoured number who are destined to make a *display* in high life, drew herself

up into a forbidding attitude, as if to intimate that I could hope for no attention from her.

Little Jane, after the termination of their dialogue, and her mother's triumphant proof of the correctness of her own views as to fashion and display, had looked thoughtful and perplexed. She at length approached the railing of the boat, and leaning over it, seemed pensively to contemplate the various objects which presented themselves. At length she exclaimed, "Oh, sister, see those beautiful crimson flowers upon the borders of this little island, can you tell me what they are?"—"You know, Jane, I have no taste for weeds," was the answer. The child then looked at me, as if she would have said, can you tell me what they are? Notwithstanding the feeling of indignation which I had experienced, at the coarse and unlady-like conduct of her mother and sister towards myself, I could not for a moment feel otherwise than kindly towards the amiable girl, who seemed in sentiment and manners to be so unlike her relations.

"That brilliant flower," said I, "is the cardinal flower, or, as it is botanically called, the *lobelia cardinalis*, and is very common in damp grounds." "Thank you, miss," said Jane, "I wish I knew something of botany, it must be very delightful to be able to tell the names of the pretty wild-flowers which we

meet with in travelling."—"It is a very simple study," said I, "if properly pursued; that is, if the flowers themselves are studied, with the help of books."

"Come here, Jane," said her mother, at the same time motioning her to take a seat on the opposite side of her, and at a greater distance from me. I heard her say, "That girl is probably some farmer's or mechanic's daughter, who would be very glad to boast of having made a genteel acquaintance on board the boat."

The bell now summoned the passengers to dinner. A little bustling man of the dandy species approached the party I have been describing, and giving his arm to the mother of the young ladies, hurried them all to the dining-cabin, observing that unless they "were quick, they should not get the *first place at table*."

I of course waited for papa, who soon came, and proceeded with me to the dinner-table. The company were mostly seated when we entered, and I perceived that our fashionable party had succeeded in securing the head of the table. We were quietly pursuing our way towards the lower end of the room, where were vacant places, when the captain called out, "Mr. Stimpson, will you and your family have the goodness to move down, and make room for the Hon. Mr. Westerley and his daughter?"

The captain of a steamboat, you must know, Louisa, is as absolute in his dominions, as the Dey of Algiers ever was in the height of his power. A great bustle was therefore made, that we might be seated at the head of the table, though papa politely observed, that he was very sorry any change should have been made on his account, as he and his daughter should very cheerfully have taken the vacant seats at the other end of the room. "We know our places better than that, Mr. Westerley," said Col. D., from Cincinnati, whom for the first time I now perceived to be on board; "and we of Ohio know too that you usually seek to avoid the highest places, with as much care as many seek to gain them." I had a curiosity—perhaps it was mingled with a little of what our parents would censure as an unworthy feeling of triumph—but I had a curiosity to see how these movements affected my fashionable critics.

No sooner were we seated than the little bustling man, who had been so anxious to get the first place at table, bowing very low, said, in an obsequious tone, "Mr. Westerley, I hope I see you in good health." Papa, with his usual civility, returned the compliment; but, as if he had vainly endeavoured to recognise the speaker, added, "Excuse me, sir, that I am not able to call you by name."—"I beg your pardon, sir, but I had the honour of being introduced

to you last winter at the President's levee, but I could not expect you would remember so slight a circumstance, as you was at the time in conversation with two gentlemen of the cabinet. My name, sir, is Stimpson; my dear, this is the Hon. Mr. Westerley from Ohio, whose elegant mansion was described to us at Cleveland. Mr. Westerley, permit me to introduce to your notice my daughters, who are at present taking a short vacation from Mrs. T.'s celebrated seminary, where they are receiving their education."

Mrs. Stimpson, though at first she coloured and fidgeted, soon resumed her usual undaunted composure; she was "extremely delighted to have the *honour* and the *pleasure* of travelling in company with Mr. Westerley. This *sweet young lady*, I presume, is your daughter, sir."—"This, madam, is my eldest daughter; who, like the violet, has grown beneath the shade; my Caroline has, however, been favoured with the instruction and example of one of the best of mothers, who, while she has sought to fit her for usefulness in life, has never failed to inculcate the idea, that true dignity must depend on her own character, not on the station which she may chance to occupy; and especially, that as an immortal being, she is bound to cherish those high and elevated

motives of action which have reference to another world as well as this."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Stimpson, "these sentiments are such as every judicious mother should teach her daughters." Miss Angeline looked at her mother with some surprise, while Jane seemed puzzling herself to account for the sudden change in her manner and opinions. "Miss Westerley," said the lady, assuming a sweet smile, and a gentle tone of voice, "I am delighted with the opportunity of making you acquainted with my daughters, Miss Stimpson, and Miss Jane Stimpson; as you have no female friend on board, it will give me great pleasure to consider you as belonging to my party, while we travel together." I bowed very distantly, and, without other reply to this kind offer, finished my dinner silently, wondering at the odd combination of pride and meanness which my first day's adventure had presented.

When we were by ourselves, I related to papa the scene on deck with the Stimpsons: he listened attentively, and with no great appearance of surprise, seeming rather amused than offended. "You will find, Caroline," said he, "but too many Mrs. Stimpsons and Miss Angelines in the world; but I trust your mind is too strongly fortified to be moved by the opinions of people who are ever as ready to follow

with cringing servility their superiors, as to insult with wanton coldness and contempt those whom they may think their inferiors. You have hitherto known the world, as you have seen it in the intellectual and elevated society that it has been my pleasure to draw around our domestic fireside, and among the honest and unpretending people who inhabit Pleasant Valley and its vicinity; but I am aware that however anxious I may be to see my daughters simple and unsophisticated in mind and manners, it is my duty, since they will have a part to act in the world, to let them see it as it is, and trust to their own good sense and correct views, aided by the blessing of God, to preserve them from the contagion of fashionable follies, and a false estimate of worth and dignity."

During the remainder of our journey to Buffalo, I spent my time mostly with papa, who pointed out the different objects worth noticing which presented themselves on the bold shore of Lake Erie, or talked with me of the home we had left, or of the friends we were going to meet.

As the steamboat neared the wharf, Mr. Stimpson, who had vainly endeavoured to put himself on a familiar footing with papa, approached and said, if he "might presume to advise, he should recommend the Eagle tavern as the best in the village." Papa

informed him that he had already determined on taking lodgings there. "That is fortunate," replied the officious Mr. Stimpson, "as we can then be all of *one party.*"

After much confusion, we succeeded in getting our baggage and ourselves into the carriage which was to convey us to our lodgings, and I was very glad, I assure you, to get to a comfortable apartment, free from the jarring and noise of the steamboat machinery.

Adieu, my dear sister, remember me affectionately to all the dear family, it is unnecessary to say how much I love home and its dear inmates. Papa is writing to mamma by this mail; I hope he will be able to speak well of my deportment thus far. Accustomed as he has been to have mamma for a travelling companion, I am well aware how uninteresting, by comparison, must my society be to him; but he kindly says, that he sometimes likes to find me ignorant, that he may have the pleasure of being my instructer; again adieu,

Your ever affectionate sister,

CAROLINE WESTERLEY.

LETTER II.

Buffalo (N. Y.), July —, 1832.

My dear Sister,

So many objects attract my attention, and so many incidents continually occur, that I find I shall be obliged to abandon my original intention, of telling my dear sister about every thing which I see and hear. We arrived here on Friday night, and found the Eagle tavern full of bustle, caused by the arrival of steamboat and stage passengers. The Stimpsons had already taken possession of the best private parlour, into which however we were shown by the landlord, to whom it seems Mr. Stimpson had mentioned that Mr. Westerley from Ohio, a *particular friend of his, and travelling in the same party with his family*, would wish for accommodations for himself and his daughter. Papa, although not particularly grateful for this attention, observed to me, as we passed into the room, "As these people seem disposed to be so *very kind*, we must make the best of them. They are respectable, though in their efforts to pass for more than they are, they make themselves appear ridiculous. But as you, Caroline, have no

female companions, you may find it convenient to be on sociable terms with the ladies."

Mrs. Stimpson, upon our entrance, arose from the sofa, and most graciously extending her hand to me, said, "My dear, how delighted I am that you have come at last; my Angeline was very much afraid that you had stopped at some other house, and that we were to be deprived of your agreeable society." Miss Angeline, running up to me with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, exclaimed, "Indeed, Miss Westerley, we meet with so few *genteel people* in travelling in this wild country, that I was very unwilling to lose you so soon."

But I will not tire you with this disgusting parade of sudden regard. You see, Louisa, how perfectly contemptible these things are. When the kind lady and her affectionate daughter thought me a poor forlorn being, without friend or protector, they had no word of courtesy or look of encouragement, but as soon as they found that I stood in no need of their attentions, and imagined that they could gain some consequence by attaching themselves to me, they were all affability and obsequiousness.

Well, it was requested by "mine host" that the *young ladies of the "party"* should all occupy the same sleeping room, as the house was much crowded; and as I really felt no small interest in Miss Jane

Stimpson, I made no objection to the arrangement. Jane, although a child, had undoubtedly seen and felt the meanness exhibited by her family, and it was evident that a sense of mortification had kept her from making any advances towards my acquaintance, after the rude check she received from her mother.

On going into our room, I took from my trunk the pocket-bible mamma gave me as a parting present, and silently read a chapter in the epistle to the Ephesians. At first, I thought of retiring to my bed without kneeling to pray, for there is something so sacred in secret communion with our heavenly Father, that it seems almost a profanation to be conspicuous to our fellow-creatures at such moments; but I recollected of having heard my dear mother say, that we ought not to omit the duty of secret prayer, even when circumstances did not permit us to be *in solitude;* and although Miss Stimpson was complaining to her sister that she could not find her night-gown, and that a part of her baggage was left below, I stepped behind the curtain of my bed, and knelt down. I then endeavoured to withdraw my thoughts from present objects, and to raise them to those invisible things which concern the soul as immortal, and which belong to eternity. At first I was troubled with wandering thoughts, but my spirit seemed to gather strength by effort, and I was

enabled to feel that God did, indeed, draw near to me as I attempted to lift my heart unto Him. In the multitude of my own wants, I did not forget to ask the blessing of my "Father in heaven," upon my earthly parents, and my dear sister and brother; I prayed that we might all meet again on earth, if consistent with His will, but especially that we might be fitted to dwell together in those "mansions" which the Saviour went to prepare for those who love and serve him on earth.

With my mind refreshed and quieted by the duty in which I had been engaged, I arose to prepare for bed, when Jane Stimpson, throwing her arms around my neck, whispered, "Oh, Miss Westerley, how I wish that some one would pray for me."—"You must pray for yourself, my dear," said I, much affected by the simplicity and seriousness of her manner.

"I used to do it at Mrs. T.'s; our room-mate was a pious young lady, and always tried to influence Angeline and myself to do what was right, and dear Mrs. T. used often to talk to me of the importance of a regular attention to religious duties, and of living in the fear of God; but since I have been from her, I grow very careless about these things."

I opened my Bible, and pointed to these words in Isaiah: "He giveth power to the faint: and to them that have no might, he increaseth strength. Even

the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall. But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." While Jane was attentively reading the passages to which I had referred her, Angeline sat pinning up her hair in papers, apparently out of temper, and displeased at the sudden confidence of her sister in me, and the interest I manifested in her. "Come, Jane," said she, peevishly, "do go to bed; Miss Westerley does not want to be troubled with your nonsense."

"So far from talking nonsense, Miss Stimpson," I replied, "your sister has spoken to me on a subject of all others the most important. She feels that, as an immortal and accountable being, she is bound to render herself acceptable to her Maker, and at the same time is sensible that she is living in neglect of those means by which her heart might become truly 'a living sacrifice.' I am too young and inexperienced to show to others that 'strait and narrow way,' in which I find it so difficult myself to walk; but I know that this is the only way in which we can enjoy peace on earth, or hope for happiness hereafter." I then kissed little Jane, telling her that she must trust in God, under all discouragements, and his grace would be sufficient for her, and bade

her good night. The sweet child returned my embrace with a countenance reillumined by hope, and then suddenly kneeling down, and laying her head in my lap, seemed for a few minutes deeply engaged in prayer; she then, without looking at me, or speaking, retired to bed with her sister.

On Saturday morning, after a night of sound sleep, I awoke to see the bright beams of an unclouded sun, peering through the saffron-coloured curtains of an eastern window, opposite my bed. Jane, who was already dressed, sat at another window with my pocket-bible in her hands, apparently endeavouring with earnestness to comprehend the meaning of what she read. I had not before indulged myself with a close examination of her features, but had now an opportunity of observing the fine, intellectual expression of her face, which, though not beautiful, was lovely and interesting. I have seldom seen so much thought developed in the countenance of one so young; and yet, united to this was an infantile expression of simplicity and playfulness, which combined to heighten the interest she excited.

Do not think, Louisa, that I am flattering, when I say that this child, though younger than yourself by two years, reminds me of you. Her dark hair and eyes, her pensive but half-playful countenance, and Grecian features, are all like you; and in the

desire which she seems to have of doing right, she is certainly not unlike my own little sister. But what discouragements must the poor child meet with, in the low standard of virtue and religion which seems to prevail among her family! How much does she owe to that excellent woman who has thus been able in three years (she informed me she had been under the instruction of Mrs. T. during this time) to counteract in so great a degree the injurious effects of maternal example and precept, and to implant in her mind higher and better principles! And, my dear sister, what cause of gratitude to God have we, that have ever been encouraged by our parents in all that is good and noble, who have not only given us virtuous and pious precepts, but in their own lives and conduct have constantly exhibited the charms of moral virtue, united to the "beauty of holiness!"

But I must hasten to give you some information about Buffalo, and what is interesting in its localities or history. I will first call your attention to its geographical situation.

Buffalo is the capital of Erie county, and is situated at the eastern end of Lake Erie, at the point from whence the Niagara River, issuing from this lake, rushes forth, bearing the waters of the immense western lakes towards the Ontario, and thus forming

a communication between the Atlantic Ocean and the great inland waters of the west. Look upon your map, sister, and you will see that this must at some future day become a place of vast importance to the United States. Connected to the Ohio River by means of Lake Erie and the Ohio state canal, and to the Hudson by the grand canal of New-York, it has a free navigation to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, to the city of New-York, and to Delaware and Maryland, by means of canals connecting the Susquehanna and Delaware to the Hudson river. It may also command, by means of Lake Erie, Niagara River, Lake Ontario, and the St. Lawrence, the trade of both Upper and Lower Canada.

The village of Buffalo is about 300 miles west of Albany, and 240 miles east of Sandusky, which, you know, is nearly at the west end of Lake Erie.

I am told that this village contains about 7000 inhabitants, and 1000 buildings. It appears to have been laid out with the expectation of future greatness; that is, every thing is on a large scale; the streets cross each other at right angles, and large spaces are left for public squares; that on which stands the court-house, a neat and handsome building, seems still rough and uncultivated. This square might be highly ornamental to the village, if levelled and set out with handsome trees, and covered by a rich

greensward. As the place increases, these things will probably be attended to.

I suppose you will smile to hear me talking of rough and uncultivated spots, me who have been *raised*, as the southerners say, in the very heart of the wilderness, and to whom, with the exception of our own residence, log-houses and half-cleared fields are much more familiar than elegant mansions and pleasure-grounds. But the truth is, what I have been saying about the roughness of some of the streets and grounds of Buffalo was suggested rather by papa's observation, than my own; Miss Angeline is always ready with her comparisons of these to Broadway, Park Place, or the Battery, and my young friend Jane seems evidently much surprised to see the charred stumps of trees by the side of beautiful houses, and uncultivated grounds contiguous to populous streets. As for Mrs. Stimpson, she sees little in either nature or art, which she thinks to be *genteel*, and is very anxious to get back to her favourite New-York.

On Saturday we rode to the Indian settlement on Buffalo Creek, a small stream, which empties into Lake Erie, a little east of the village. These Indians are a part of the remains of the Senecas, once an important tribe, and one of the Six Nations, who formed a powerful confederacy. The whole were

sometimes called the Iroquois, a name given by the French. From their boldness and success in war, they have been termed the *Romans of America.* This confederacy, besides the Senecas, consisted of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras. The Mohawks lived on the banks of the principal branch of the Hudson, which still bears their name. The other nations, except the Tuscaroras, who came from North Carolina, lived around the lakes which still bear their names. Of these lakes I hope hereafter to be able to tell you something, as papa intends visiting some of them on our way to Albany.

You will recollect the interesting chapter on the Indians, in the history of the "Republic of America." I wa probably then more desirous of seeing the Indian settlement on Buffalo Creek, from having studied the map which shows the former location and conquests of these people. You will do well to read again the chapter to which I have referred, and to observe upon the Indian map the places formerly occupied by the Six Nations.

It is of the Senecas that I am now going to tell you, or rather of the small portion of that people who dwell at the Indian settlement near Buffalo. This nation formerly, not only inhabited the country around Seneca Lake, but extended to the southern

shore of Lake Ontario, south to the sources of the Susquehanna and Ohio, and west beyond the falls of Niagara, or Jagara, as it was termed in the Indian tongue. Only about 1500 of this great nation now remain, and these are scattered in various detached settlements in Canada and the United States.

Soon after entering the Indian village, we arrived at the mission-school; I was very desirous of seeing this, and witnessing the effect of an attempt to civilize these children of the forest. Papa had a short conversation with some of the mission family, who live at the school-house; they appeared to be pious, and anxious for the welfare of the Indians. They showed us various kinds of articles of their manufacture, of which I have bought for mamma and you some moccasins, ornamented with wampum, and for James some little neat baskets of birch bark filled with maple sugar.

On entering the school-room, we were introduced to the teacher, a man who appeared to be devoted to the cause in which he had engaged, and satisfied to give up the refinements of society for the sake of doing good. He was a clergyman, as well as an instructer, and seemed to have much at heart the spiritual welfare of this remnant of a pagan nation. After speaking with us a few moments at the door, he invited us to enter the school-room and see the

pupils; here were about forty Indian children of both sexes, from the ages of four to sixteen years. They appeared attentive and orderly. On our entrance, they rose with respect; but in a moment were seated, and had resumed their studies.

The school-room was very convenient, the seats being raised one above another, and all except those appropriated for the younger pupils furnished with writing-desks. The room, as near as I could judge, was about twenty-five feet square, or near the size of our dining-room. The pupils were neatly though coarsely clad; much in the same way as we usually find the children in common country schools. The boys were arranged on one side of the house, the girls on the other.

The expression of countenance among these Indian children was very different; some looked dull, as if their mental faculties were either very limited, or in a state of inaction; but in others, the quick glancing eye and the beam of intelligence showed the kindling of mind, and capacity for intellectual improvement. We heard most of them read passages from the English Testament; some with much propriety, and an appearance of reverence and devotion; others read in a heavy, monotonous manner, as if they neither comprehended the subject nor felt an interest in the exercise. Some specimens

of their writing were very neat, and some of their writing-books exhibited much carefulness. The elder pupils learn arithmetic and geography, besides reading, writing, and spelling. After the teacher had examined them in their different studies, papa made a short address, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words:

"My dear children, I have felt great satisfaction in seeing the progress you are making in learning. All good white people love the Indians—your fathers once owned all this country. The white people came across the Great Water, and wanted to live here, that they might worship the true God in the way which they thought most agreeable to his will. They were kindly received, and well treated at first; but afterward, wars sprang up between them and your fathers; much blood was shed, and there was much evil on both sides. Many whites who called themselves Christians, but were unworthy the name, taught the Indians to use strong drinks, and to do other bad habits.

"We feel that your people have been wronged, and there is now a great desire among Christians that you may be instructed in such things as will render your condition in this life more comfortable, and especially that you may be taught to read the Holy Bible, which the Great Father above has given both

to his red and white children, to direct them how they may please him. This book many among you have now learned to read; some of you appear to feel the importance of understanding it, and I cannot but hope you will be led to love its commandments, and to serve God, who is a Spirit, 'in spirit and in truth.'

"You see how anxious your teacher is for your welfare, and how cheerfully he comes to live among you, far from his own family and friends, that he may bring you out of a state of savage ignorance and heathen darkness, to the knowledge of the arts and sciences of civilized life, and the glorious light of the gospel. I doubt not, my dear children, but you love him, and feel thankful to him.

"When you see the poor little children of your tribe, whose pagan parents will not permit them to go to school and learn, but who wander about dirty and idle, and are taught to hate the Bible, and despise all knowledge of books, do you not feel very sorry for them, and pray that God will convert their wicked parents, so that they may be led to accept for their children the kind offers of the good missionaries? But you must strive to show these poor children, and their heathen parents, that what you learn at the mission-school makes you better. If you are kind, peaceable, and industrious, they will

by-and-by believe there is some good in these things. I shall put some money into the mission-box, to help support your school, and pray that God's blessing may rest upon it, and make it the means of much good to his red children."

During this address the pupils stood, and most of them appeared to listen with attention. I noticed that one boy of about fifteen seemed agitated with varying emotions; when the wars between his people and the whites were alluded to, his eye kindled, and his form seemed to expand; and I could well imagine him a future Philip or Tecumseh, ready to sacrifice himself for his nation's wrongs. But when the subject changed, to the efforts now making by the whites for the improvement of the Indians, and the importance of their being able to read the Holy Scriptures, that they might learn the will of God, a gradual change in his countenance and attitude took place. A subdued, grateful, and pious feeling seemed to melt his stubborn spirit; and dropping his head, he showed that the momentary spark of revenge was extinguished, and a pure and holy flame kindled by Divine grace had taken its place. Fancy then pictured him as one day appearing among his red brethren, the apostle of Jesus Christ, the firm, undaunted defender of Christianity, the preacher of

morality and a pure religion to the degraded heathen of his people.

After this interesting visit to the school, we proceeded farther into the village, in order to see the habitations of the chiefs. Notwithstanding the great efforts made by missionaries and the mission-school, but few, comparatively, of the Indians about Buffalo Creek are as yet favourable to the introduction among them of civilization and Christianity. The pagans are hostile towards the Christian Indians, and these, on their part, generally choose to withdraw from them. Thus, the latter are settled more in the vicinity of the mission-house, while the former congregate around the habitations of their chiefs, most of whom stubbornly adhere to the heathen faith of their fathers.

The dwellings of these chiefs were nothing more than small and mean wooden houses, without being painted, or exhibiting in their exterior any thing like comfort or neatness. We did not enter the dwellings of the chiefs, as we were informed the occupants were absent; but we went towards one of the more common huts, intending to take a view of the interior. As we approached, an open door presented a most disgusting scene of filth and poverty; in one corner, a sow and her pigs were luxuriating upon pumpkins and corn, the scattered fragments of which

were thrown about the ground, which formed the floor, in heterogeneous confusion. In another corner lay a parcel of straw, covered with some dirty rags; this was probably the bed of the whole family. As for semblance of chair or table, no such thing appeared, unless a few blocks of wood, and a platform of rough boards, on one side of the apartment, might be construed into these articles.

After a short survey of the premises and the musical group who were feasting so plentifully within, we looked out to see if any of the human inhabitants might be discerned; a group was seen advancing, composed of old women, young women, and children, laden with baskets of corn and potatoes. Their appearance was in perfect keeping with that of their habitation; a few scanty rags, or pieces of blankets, composed the garments of the women; their long straight hair hung around their faces, whose copper-coloured hue was rendered still more swarthy by an accumulation of dirt, or, as geologists would say, of *earthy matter*. But even among these miserable beings was seen an attempt at finery, in the display of large tin and pewter broaches, and brass rings, and other fancied ornaments. There could not have been fewer than twelve, including children, in this company, who, with their husbands, fathers, and grandfathers, all lived in the adjacent

hut; which contained but the single apartment described.

There is something highly picturesque and romantic in the primitive wildness of the savage state; the huge wigwam in the heart of the forest, with its painted warriors, the war-dance, the war-hoop, the tomahawk, and the bow and arrow, all enter into the picture which the mind forms of the North American Indians. Contrast this with the present squalid and debased condition of the remnant of the Senecas, and how striking is the difference! After giving these miserable beings a few shillings, which were no doubt soon to be expended for the liquid poison to which they are enslaved, we entered our carriage, and turned our course towards the village of Buffalo.

A heavy shower now seemed gathering, and it burst upon us just as we had passed the Indian settlement. We were glad to avail ourselves of the first shelter which offered. This proved to be a very sink of iniquity; a grog-shop, kept for the purpose of enticing the Indians to traffic away the little produce of their lands for intoxicating liquors. I shuddered on entering this abode of wickedness and gate to ruin. There was an appearance of cast-off finery in some of the furniture, which denoted the proprietors to have at least known the decencies of civilized life, but every thing was so filthy, so

disorderly and disgusting, that I soon felt as if I had rather be exposed to the storm without than sit in that house a moment. Drunken and profane Indians and whites were congregated in the bar-room, the door of which, standing open, presented a full view of its ranges of bottles and tumblers, displayed for the purpose of suggesting to the wayfaring the pleasures of the intoxicating draught.

The landlord seemed disposed to avail himself of the chance which had thrown us under his roof, by endeavouring to learn who we were, and for what purpose we were in that secluded spot.

When papa spoke of having visited the mission-school, he broke out into violent invectives against it; said that it did more hurt than good to attempt teaching the Indians, especially teaching them the narrow and superstitious belief of the missionaries. He considered paganism and Christianity as standing on equal ground; all religion was priestcraft, and all morality was hypocrisy. This man, thought I, surely must be allowed to possess a correspondence of principle and practice. Disgusted with the bold impiety of his discourse, and perceiving the storm to be somewhat abated, we fled from this place, as Lot did from Sodom, and without the least disposition to look back upon it.

Papa observed, that this man's hostility to the

mission-school, and all efforts for improving the Indians, undoubtedly arose from the circumstance that they interfered with his petty gains ; as the converted Indians would not resort to him for liquor.

The famous warrior and chief Red Jacket belonged to the Seneca Indians. He died within the last year or two ; brave, subtle, and revengeful, his spirit seemed unconquered, even to the last. He lived to be aged, and ever remained a sworn enemy to Christianity. On our return from the Indian village, papa showed me a speech of this chief, in answer to a proposal made by a missionary to teach among his people the religion of Jesus Christ. As I know you are always interested in Indian eloquence, I will transcribe a part of this for your perusal.

"Friend and Brother,—It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened, that we see clearly ; our ears are unstopped, so that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favours we thank the Great Spirit, and him only.

"Brother,—Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great

island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, deer, and other animals, for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the earth, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn and bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, and granted their request; and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return. They brought strong liquor among us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

"Brother,—Our seats were once large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion among us.

"Brother,—We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people

are our neighbours. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said."

Papa related, among many interesting stories of this cunning chief, the following anecdote. On a certain time, an agent from the United States' government went to treat with the Seneca Indians for the purchase of more of their lands. Red Jacket, being the most influential of their chiefs, was appointed to converse with the agent on the subject. The two walked out together into the fields, and sat down upon a log. Red Jacket asked the agent to move; this being done, he again crowded upon the other, who, supposing it unintended, still kept moving until he was quite at the end of the log. Red Jacket again asked him to move; "Why," said the agent, "you see I have no more room to move in." The shrewd Indian laughed—"This," said he, "is just what you white men have been doing with us. You have asked us for more room; we have moved till we are at the end of the log, and you now want to push us off."

The Sabbath that we passed at Buffalo was a pleasant yet mournful day to me. It was pleasant,

because I attended public worship, and saw around me an appearance of deep interest on the subject of religion; but it was new to me to go to the house of God unaccompanied by my mother and sister, and I could not but feel a sense of loneliness; but then I thought that you too were then about offering up prayers to the same Omniscient Being whom I had come to worship, and that we were all in His presence—I felt how unworthy of a Christian it is to suffer thoughts of earthly friends to mingle in the sacrifice of the heart which is offered to Him. "My son, give me thy heart," is the affectionate invitation of our Creator, and might he not well be displeased, when we feel that we need any other support than His presence, and the influence of His spirit, especially in his own temple?

My sweet little friend Jane Stimpson begged of her mother the privilege of spending the Sabbath with me, as the other members of her family were going to ride out a few miles, and dine with an acquaintance. I endeavoured so to pass the intervals of public worship that the dear little girl might lay up something good for her future meditation; and papa spent considerable time with us in reading and explaining the Scriptures. You know, Louisa, how interesting he always renders such seasons, by familiar illustrations and lively examples, which seem

to raise vivid pictures in the mind, that often remain deep and lasting. Jane listened with earnest attention, and expressed her concern lest the vanities of the world should lead her thoughts from the important concerns of her soul's welfare. Papa spoke to her with great kindness, directing her to trust in Him in whom "none ever believed and was confounded."

I have become acquainted with some very pleasant families. The best part of the society appear to be mostly emigrants from New-England. I have met with several persons here who are acquainted with our friends in Hartford and Boston. One aged lady, whose daughter we visited, spoke of my grandmother Clayton as a friend and companion of her youth: she described her as one of the most gentle and pious of women; she remembered mamma when an infant, and thought me much like her at my age—a compliment with which I assure you I was not a little pleased. The daughter of this lady knows our aunt Harriet Clayton; she says she is a highly cultivated, as well as a very lovely woman: she tells me, too, that she is an author; but this, it seems, is a secret, or at least if mamma knows it, she has never mentioned the subject to me. Well, there is no knowing what may happen when I arrive at the seat of the muses; I should be very willing the contagion of the *cacoethes scribendi* should

seize me, provided it should appear under a mild form, and not lead me into those extravagances of conduct and sentiment which have been exhibited by some female writers. How would this appear, Louisa, after the title of a book,—"By *Caroline Westerley, Author of* ———, *&c. &c.?*" And then for a frontispiece, a handsome engraving of the "*amiable authoress*," as gentlemen often condescendingly say, when they speak of *lady authors*, of whose private characters they are entirely ignorant. But, however desirous I may feel to become capable of doing something for female literature in my own country, I am not so vain as seriously to expect it, notwithstanding some prophetic visions which occasionally flit across my mind's eye. And yet I am now on my way to New-England, a land which has proved highly favourable to the development of the female mind. I shall wander over the same fields, and gaze upon the same scenery, which have prompted the sweet muse of Mrs. Sigourney. I shall visit the hills and groves, and the moss-covered rocks, where, long before she was of my age, Mrs. Willard meditated those plans of improving the mental condition of her sex, which she has since so successfully carried into operation; I shall pluck the wild flowers from the same turf where her sister whose work on botany we have loved to read, sat in

her girlish days, and mused upon the glimpses of future usefulness and mental illumination which, unlikely as she then felt were ever to be realized, still at times visited her imagination. Here too the strong and original mind of Miss Beecher pursued its powerful current, and in its overflowings enriched and fertilized the intellectual faculties of her sex, elevated their emotions, and strengthened their moral powers. If some useless rubbish or offensive matter has been drifted along in this current, and formed some alloy to its benefits, the evil is but slight, and when prejudice and partiality shall have both died away, the name of Miss Beecher will stand among the first of those of her sex who have laboured for its improvement. When I visit Massachusetts, I am in the region of the Sedgwicks, of Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Childs, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Ware, and many other living female writers, who perhaps in early youth were as little likely to become distinguished as is Caroline Westerley at this day. Louisa, do not think me vain in these suggestions of my own mind—it is right they should be encouraged; the talents that God has given us should be improved; and a conscientious desire to do this will stimulate us to exertion; this is very different from the feverish ambition which desires distinction merely as such. When the apostle said, "God forbid that I should

glory save in the cross of Christ," he intimates that it is right to glory in some things; and certainly one who has successfully laboured to do good ought to glory and rejoice in this success.

We shall leave Buffalo to-morrow. You will not fail to recollect, that this place was burnt by the British in the late war; by referring to your American History, you will find that this took place in December, 1813, a few months before the battles of Chippewa and Bridgewater, scenes which I shall soon visit, till after which, adieu.

CAROLINE.

LETTER III.

Manchester Village,
Niagara Falls, July —, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I have seen that wonder of nature, the Falls of Niagara; but you cannot be privileged to hear about them, until I have taken you back to Buffalo, and carried you in imagination with me from that place to this; and, indeed, until you have been presented with some gloomy scenes of war and bloodshed.

If you examined a map in connexion with my

description of Buffalo, you have now a clear idea of its geographical position. You probably know, too, that that village is situated at the western extremity of the Great Western Canal of New-York. This canal proceeds along the bank of Niagara River for a few miles, when it enters at the mouth of a small branch of this river, called Tonewanta Creek. After being continued several miles in the channel of the Tonewanta, the canal navigation proceeds to Lockport, nearly eight miles farther, by means of a deep cut. Travellers for pleasure or improvement seldom take the canal-boats at Buffalo, as there are so many objects of interest in the route by land from that place to Lockport.

The Stimpsons, however, are to travel to Schenectady entirely on the canal. Mrs. Stimpson appeared somewhat offended that she and her daughters were not included in the attentions we received at Buffalo, "since," as she said, "*we were all of one party.*" But she comforted herself with the idea, that, after all, people who were as ignorant of the world as the inhabitants of that place undoubtedly were, could not be expected to understand matters of etiquette. As she presumed the *genteel* company had all left the "Falls," and was tired of climbing rocks to look after fine views, when she might see the same in a print-shop in Broadway, she decided

that they would travel on the canal, and was fortunate enough, even in that outlandish place, to find some of the last works of the author of Pelham, to amuse herself and Miss Angeline during the route. Jane, to whom I had every day become more and more attached, was grieved at our separation; as she had during our stay at Buffalo requested me to give her some instruction in botany, and had learned to analyze the most simple flowers. I presented her with a book which will amuse her in her journey, and by the assistance of which she will be able to improve herself in the science. She assured me that she should study it attentively, and whenever she should be able to jump out of the canal-boat for a few minutes, she would, if flowers could be found, collect botanical specimens for herself and me. She also promised to write me an account of her journey home, and of the interesting objects she might meet with. Mrs. Stimpson gave us, at parting, her card with her address in New-York, and insisted upon our giving her notice, as soon as we should arrive in that city. With Miss Angeline, who was not, like her mother, schooled to duplicity, I was evidently no favourite; although she never after our first meeting assumed to treat me rudely. But my undissembled preference of her sister, and uniform

rejection of her proffered intimacy, were not calculated to render me agreeable to her.

The characters of Mrs. Stimpson and her eldest daughter, papa says, are common among those who hold a sort of middle rank in fashionable society, and are aiming at the highest; but I am sure that among people of real elevation, such artificial manners and low views of persons and things do not exist. As a contrast to them, I would mention the late Mrs. Porter of Black Rock, whom mamma always speaks of with so much affection. Papa says, that when her husband, Gen. Porter, was Secretary of War, and she of course obliged to be very conspicuous in society, no lady at Washington was so much admired by foreigners of distinction, and by the most distinguished Americans, as Mrs. Porter. And yet she was remarkable for simplicity of manners, dress, and sentiment. She paid respect to merit, even when seen in an unfashionable garb, and delighted rather to raise the humble than pay court to the great. I was told at Buffalo, that after her return from Washington, where she had been the admiration of foreigners, and pride of American society, she appeared exactly the same social, unpretending woman, always anxious to do good to others, even at the expense of her own ease. A young lady, whose mother was an intimate friend of Mrs.

Porter, told me she had often known of her walking a mile or two in inclement weather to visit a family in distress; or if she wanted at any time, for objects of business or charity, to go into the village of Buffalo when her own carriage was not at hand, she would not hesitate to take a seat in the most common farmer's wagon. But under whatever circumstances Mrs. Porter might be seen, and whatever her dress or equipage might be, she was ever looked up to by all classes with respect and honour.

Such a character, my dear sister, is one whom I should wish to have before me as a model; and such a model we have in that beloved parent who has so cheerfully devoted to us talents and acquirements which have distinguished her in the most distinguished circles. Although we can neither of us ever expect to be what she is, we will at least endeavour to resemble her in some degree.

On leaving Buffalo, we proceeded to Black Rock village, three miles distant, and situated upon the west bank of Niagara River, or near the place whence this river issues from Lake Erie. This place derives its name from the rock formation on which it stands. I find my little knowledge of geology to acquire a new value in travelling; and am happy in the thought, that you, my dear sister, will not consider information of this nature useless or

uninteresting, and that you already understand enough of the science to comprehend all that I shall be able to tell you. Being provided with Eaton's "Geological Survey of the Canal Rocks," I intend, with the help of it and papa's instructions, to notice, as far as possible, the different kinds of rocks which I shall have an opportunity of examining on my way to the Hudson River.

Eaton calls the formation which prevails at the village of Black Rock *cornitiferous lime rock.* This belongs to the *secondary formation*, and is a *variety* of the *species* of rock called *secondary limestone.* The word *cornitiferous* is derived from the Latin *cornus*, signifying horn, and *ferre*, to bear. You will recollect the mineral in our little cabinet at home called *hornstone*, from its resemblance in hardness and colour to some kinds of horn. Layers of this alternating with shell-lime rock are very common at Black Rock, and being here of a very dark colour, give to the whole mass a black appearance.

Thus, you see, *cornitiferous* lime rock, meaning lime rock which *bears* or supports hornstone, is a significant term, which at once suggests an important circumstance connected with the rock. This rock, says Eaton, "underlays the whole village, except that in a few instances it is covered with *pyritiferous* rock," or that which bears *pyrites.*

I must again refer you to our cabinet, for the minerals called *pyrites*. These are ores of different kinds, possessing a metallic lustre, and containing a large quantity of sulphur. They are generally labelled in cabinets as *sulphurets* ; as the sulphuret of iron, lead, copper, &c. Iron pyrites is very common; it resembles gold in its glistening and bright yellow colour; Professor Silliman, in some of his works, remarks, that it has been often mistaken by ignorant persons for this metal. I have found some petrifactions of shells covered with iron pyrites, which James will perhaps call golden clams, as the servant girl did, who, in arranging my room to-day, found them lying upon the table. In some cases, many small shells are found petrified in one mass and enveloped in the iron pyrites.

We spent one day at Black Rock village, and in making excursions about it. The village is inconsiderable, and at present much less flourishing than it has been. Great efforts were made to render this place the terminating point of the Grand Canal; had these succeeded, Black Rock would at once have taken precedence of Buffalo; at present, the former place is depreciating, and the latter fast rising in importance.

The residence of Gen. Porter, at Black Rock, stands on an elevation about one hundred rods from

the Niagara River. The house has two fronts, one towards the street from which it is separated by a large court-yard; the west front is towards the river. The court-yard is handsomely ornamented with trees and shrubbery: under the shade of one of these trees, where she once loved to walk and converse with her friends, now repose the remains of the late accomplished mistress of the mansion. Her garden lay upon the opposite or western side, sloping gradually towards the water. We were there shown many evidences of fine taste, though decay and disorder had already begun to triumph, in the absence of her who had been the presiding genius of the scene. In this garden lies a marble slab with a Hebrew inscription, prepared by the direction of Mr. Noah of New-York, who, a few years since, formed a project of collecting his dispersed countrymen the Jews upon Grand Island, and of building there a second Jerusalem; but as I am not an adept in Hebrew literature, I cannot tell you its purport.

Grand Island, which was to be named Mount Arrarat, is twelve miles long, and eight broad; it is situated in the Niagara River, a little to the south of Black Rock village, and is still desolate, notwithstanding Mr. Noah's splendid plans respecting it. This island was formerly a favourite haunt of the Indians.

From Black Rock we crossed the river in a horse-boat to the Canada side; where I found myself for the first time in his majesty's dominions. The little village at which we landed is called Waterloo, after the name of the place of Bonaparte's last defeat. A little above this village are the remains of Fort Erie. By referring to the history of the last war with England, you will find several notices of events connected with this fort.

You will recollect, that the Canada frontier was the principal seat of this war, which began by the unsuccessful attempts of Gen. Hull to reduce this province to submission. After the disgraceful surrender of Hull and his army, at Detroit, the scene of military operations changed to the Niagara frontier. In October, 1812, the Americans having no armed vessels on Lake Erie, Captain Elliot, a very brave man, with 100 soldiers, crossed the Niagara from Black Rock, and took two British vessels from under the very guns of Fort Erie, which were put in action to resist the bold attempt.

About a month after these vessels were taken, the Americans made an attack upon some batteries on the bank of the river opposite Black Rock, and although they suffered a severe loss of lives, succeeded in dispersing the enemy intrenched there, and destroying their fortifications. How many

solemn reflections crowded upon my mind while standing on this spot, where so many brave men had met death, leaving childless mothers, and widows and orphans to regret with unavailing sorrow the cruel necessity which thus led their husbands and fathers before the cannon's mouth.

Fort Erie was taken by the Americans a few months after the destruction of the British fortifications opposite Black Rock. In the autumn of the same year (1813) occurred the famous naval battle in which Perry was victorious. It was then for the first time that the waters of Lake Erie were crimsoned with the blood of contending foes. The American fleet under Commodore Perry had been wholly formed within a few months. The commander was young and inexperienced, while the British commodore, Barclay, was a veteran and tried officer. The engagement was desperate and bloody. The flag-ship of Commodore Perry, called the Lawrence, becoming unfit for further service, that gallant young officer embarked in an open boat amid the balls which were showered upon him from the enemy, and succeeded in gaining another of his vessels, the Niagara, in which, after planting the American standard, he recommenced an attack upon the enemy. After an action of some hours, the whole British force, consisting of six vessels,

surrendered. The modest, but striking language of Perry, when communicating to his superior officer an account of this engagement, was, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

This victory gave to our countrymen the command of the lake, and the territories on its borders, and the American general, Harrison, immediately proceeded towards Detroit, which Hull had abandoned to the British. He found no difficulty in retaking this place, as the British general, Proctor, had with his army retreated on the approach of the Americans. The latter however, pursued, and a general engagement of the two forces took place on the banks of the River Thames, a stream which empties into Lake St. Clair, upon its northern side. The British army was composed in part of Indians, commanded by the celebrated warrior Tecumseh. This chief being killed, his followers fled in dismay, and a general confusion of the whole British force followed.

You will begin to think, Louisa, that I shall never take you to the falls, as I find so much to divert me from pursuing our journey. But I hope you will feel as I do with respect to the importance of connecting improvement with pleasure. The events which I have just related were made subjects of conversation between papa and myself, either at the

places where this occurred, or as being in some degree associated with them. These events, did indeed, occur before you and I were born, but they are intimately connected with the history of our country; and while I am upon the very ground made classic by historical associations, I feel that I should be wanting both in duty to myself and you, not to improve the opportunity of rendering these associations in some degree permanent.

I fancy you, on the arrival of my letters, as seating yourself by mamma's side, with my little brother at your elbow, and reading with interest my communications to your attentive audience. James is yet too young to understand much of either natural or civil history; but for his sister Caroline's sake he will no doubt try to remember and understand as much as possible of what she writes. You, Louisa, will I hope point out to him the situation of the places that I mention; and as he has made considerable progress in geography, this will be a favourable opportunity for leading him to realize, that the lakes, rivers, and towns which he sees and studies about on his maps are not merely *words*, but *places* actually existing, as much as the silvery lake, the murmuring stream, and the dear fireside at Pleasant Valley. He knows that his sister is a real being, and that the words which he sees were written by her own hand;

and when he reads of her standing upon battle-grounds, the ruins of forts, and especially of her seeing with her own eyes the grand Falls of Niagara, and listening with her own ears to their awful thunder, he will not only believe, but feel, that there are yet many things in existence which have not been manifested to his senses. I can well remember, when it seemed to me as if Pleasant Valley and the objects it contains were all the real existences in the world, and that the places, persons, and events of which I heard and read, were mere shadows and fables. But adieu for the present.

CAROLINE.

LETTER IV.

Manchester Village,
Niagara Falls, July —, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER,

In my last letter I left you at Waterloo, opposite Black Rock. From that place, you know, we made some historical digressions, which carried us to Fort Erie, up the lake to the scene of the great naval engagement, and then with General Harrison and his

army we went up the Detroit River to the village of Detroit, and crossing Lake St. Clair, landed on the banks of the Thames, where we saw the American army victorious over General Proctor and his Indian allies. I believe I forgot to tell you, that after this General Harrison returned and took up his quarters at Buffalo.

After a few hours spent in the little village of Waterloo, we took our carriage and proceeded onwards. The distance between Black Rock and the Niagara Falls is estimated at nineteen miles. You will recollect that we have now crossed the river, and are travelling on the Canada side. A few miles before reaching the falls, we arrived at the *Chippewa battle-ground*, where we stopped for a short time, and at which place papa gave me the following sketch of historical events connected with it.

"It was on the 5th of July, 1814," said he, "that at this very place was fought a bloody battle between the English and Americans. The war between the two nations commenced about two years previous, and many engagements both on land and sea had ensued. The British forces, weakened by many losses, had just received reinforcements from the victorious troops of Wellington, fresh from their conquests over the army of Napoleon in Spain. The idea was cherished that no sooner would the

undisciplined Americans see such soldiers before them than they would at once fly from their presence. General Brown at this time was at Fort Erie; under him were Generals Scott and Ripley, of the United States' army, and General Porter with a body of brave volunteers.

"General Scott with his force left Fort Erie on the morning of the 4th, or the anniversary of our Independence. He advanced along the west bank of the Niagara to a small brook about a mile and a half distant from the enemy, where he waited the arrival of the other troops. Generals Brown and Porter joined him in the course of the day.

"The British commander, Gen. Riall, with his force, was stationed at the mouth of the Chippewa, which is the dark and turbid-looking stream before us. After several severe skirmishes between flying parties from both camps, it was perceived by Gen. Brown that the whole body of the British were advancing upon him. He had made such a disposition of his troops, that Scott with his brigade received the enemy's charge, and although his force was far less than that of the British, he not only sustained himself, but, compelling the enemy to give way, pursued them until their ranks being thrown into disorder they fled in the utmost confusion.

"This was a bloody conflict. Dead bodies were

piled upon each other; and the dying in seeking consolation could only behold the ghastly features of their companions or their foes, either in the agonies of death or cold beneath its grasp.

"Yes, Caroline," continued papa, "such are the scenes which these peaceful plains have witnessed. All now is repose, the cattle graze quietly upon the turf which has pillowed the brave soldier in his last struggles with death; the gentle murmur of the stream is no longer drowned in the clangour of martial music, and the wild flowers lift up their heads fearless of being trodden down by the hostile foot of man."

As he spoke I perceived under a clump of decaying trees a little cluster of white violets, while near by was a wild rose-bush with its pale pink blossoms, and I thought of Mrs. Hemans's beautiful lines—

"Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves has the wild rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nurs'd;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring flowers, pale flowers."

I have preserved a specimen of the violet, which I find to be the *viola canadensis.* I do not recollect of having seen it before. It may be from associations with the place where it grew, but it seems to

wear a peculiarly pensive air. The rose is of that species called the *parviflora*, of which we have so often delighted to wreathe garlands with geranium leaves; but I shall never see this flower again without a sigh to the memory of the brave who met death on Chippewa battle-ground.

Louisa, I fear you are tired of hearing about battles, and yet I must not fail to tell you that at a little distance from the theatre of the events which I have just related is another celebrated battle ground. This is called Lundy's Lane, though the battle fought here is usually termed that of Bridgewater. This took place twenty days after the action of Chippewa, and was even more bloody and terrible than that.

What rendered the battle of Bridgewater peculiarly terrific was the circumstance of its being continued until the night was far advanced. In the darkness and confusion of the scene, the Americans, although aware that the enemy was coming upon them, knew not from what quarter. The shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying, the discharge of guns, and the roaring of the Niagara were all mingled with the rushing movements of the attacking foe. The American general, Ripley, with his brigade, was in this exposed situation. He directed his men to stand in their places and wait until the ene-

my's bayonets touched their own, and then to take aim in firing from the light of their guns. The British stood this fire for twenty minutes, and then retreated. The same scene of carnage took place four times on that dreadful night, and as often the British were repulsed.

The loss of the British amounted to about nine hundred; that of the Americans was nearly as great. The brave Generals Brown and Scott were both wounded.

When standing on the very ground which had been reddened by the blood of so many brave men, and seeking for some memorial of the spot, I saw some flowers of the plant sometimes called *love-lies-bleeding*; and known in botany as the *Amaranthus melancholicus.* As I plucked a few of its dark red blossoms, I could almost fancy they had been tinged with the blood of heroes. Fanciful as the idea may seem, yet science teaches us that the very elements which compose the human frame do, upon its decay, enter into the soil, and thus become parts of the plants which spring from the earth that covers the remains of mortals. With what a new feeling of sacredness does this thought invest the flowers which we pluck from the tombs of those we love—they have been nourished by the very substance which

once made a part of those earthly forms so dear to our hearts!

Do you recollect the lamentation of O'Conner's child over her lover's tomb, by Campbell, in which the flower I have just mentioned is alluded to?

"A hero's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding;
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call, 'My *love-lies-bleeding?*'
This purple flower my tears have nursed;
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
No- would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No, for I am a hero's child—
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake,
The flower of 'love-lies-bleeding.'"

My next letter, Louisa, shall not be of gloomy battles, but of that grand work of nature which proclaims to the eye and ear the power of Him by whose word awful precipices are formed and the multitude of waters hurried on to dash and foam over their terrific brows. Adieu.

Your ever affectionate

CAROLINE.

LETTER V.

Manchester Village,
Niagara Falls, July —, 1832.

"The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upwards to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from his 'hollow hand'
And hung his bow upon thy awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
'The sound of many waters,' and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might."

These lines of the poet Brainard, my dear Louisa, are the natural effusions of the heart of one capable of sublime emotions, when beholding that awful cataract which surpasses all others in grandeur.

The sensibilities of my heart had been powerfully

awakened by what I had just heard of the dreadful scenes of Chippewa and Bridgewater, and the roaring of the Falls, which, now becoming distinct, appeared like the sound of distant thunder, served to heighten my emotions. I was all eye and ear; every moment expecting the grand view to burst upon me. The first indications of being near the Falls which met my eye were the sight of light fleecy clouds of vapour suspended in the atmosphere; soon after this the rainbow burst upon me; this, as the weather and situation of the sun were favourable, was peculiarly brilliant.

Approaching the Falls in the direction which we did, the cataract was not visible until we had passed the rapids above them. These rapids, in any other situation than adjacent to Niagara Falls, would be considered among the most sublime scenes in the natural world. And indeed much as my senses have been since overwhelmed by the grandeur of the cataract, I cannot cease regarding the view of the river above with admiration mingled with awe. The appearance of the river at the rapids seems to resemble that of a human mind, about to perform some deed of terrible daring, to which it feels itself impelled by powerful emotions, while the whole soul is agitated, tossed to and fro, and vibrating with tremendous force. And thus would the imagination

paint Niagara—as if lashing itself into fury and madness in consciousness of the awful plunge which it is about to make. It is impossible to look on the scenes which everywhere surround this spot without strong emotions; and the longer I remain here the more sensitive I become to its peculiar features. A mind predisposed to insanity would, I think, find in this region too powerful and dangerous an excitement.

Before alighting from our carriage we rode to a spot where the Falls themselves appeared in all their sublimity. For many minutes we remained in silent contemplation of the scene; I almost feared to breathe, lest I should break the delightful spell which seemed to bind my spirit in subjection to the scene before me. And when papa directed the coachman to drive to the hotel, I felt as if it was almost profanation to mingle thoughts of common things with such a vision.

When I have since visited the Falls in company with strangers viewing them for the first time, I have been astonished to hear them loud in their expressions of wonder or admiration. "How beautiful!" "How pretty!" "Wonderful!" "Astonishingly sublime!" Such are some of the exclamations which I have often heard on such occasions. Why is it, Louisa, that people should be so differently

affected by the same object or the same emotions? Sublimity, deep sorrow, or great joy always incline me to silence. Many of the works of God are so great as to be entirely beyond our powers of description, and they excite in us emotions of so powerful a kind as no language can convey to the minds of others; on such occasions, it would seem that we should, with Milton, exclaim,

"Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise!"

Papa, to whom I remarked my surprise at seeing the different manner in which people are affected by sublime scenery, observed, "This difference among people is in part owing to nature, but more to cultivation; the state most unfavourable to high and elevated emotions is that where fashion or habit of any kind has been suffered to take the place of nature in the mind. Thus, when one has servilely adopted the manners and habits of thought of another person, or of any set of persons, every thing in him will be artificial,—nature is no longer allowed her proper influence, and the whole being seems perverted. The savage in his rude state gives way to the influence of his emotions. On beholding any thing grand in nature or art, he is absorbed by the feelings which arise within him; and these are far from leading him to vent himself in a torrent of expressions.

"A poetic mind, unshackled by the low desire of *seeming* to be something which one is not, fearlessly follows the dictates of nature. Under the influence of some emotions it would be silent, under that of others it might be led to express itself in appropriate words, the transcripts of the thoughts.

"But it is very natural for those who have never cultivated a taste for the sublime and beautiful in nature to *affect* lively emotions; and in doing this they usually go beyond the mark, and so over-act as to render the real coldness of their hearts apparent. Thus we see husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and other relations, where a real affection for each other is wanting, sometimes affect excessive fondness; but where the reality exists there is never felt a necessity for affectation. Thus the real scholar is never a pedant, or the real Christian a loud and pharisaical professor."

After viewing the Falls attentively from the Canada side at every interesting point, having inscribed our names, by request, in an album kept at the hotel, we passed a few hours very pleasantly in company with some agreeable travellers, and especially promenading in a delightful veranda which gives a fine view of the Falls, we passed over to the American side, where we have taken lodgings.

It seems astonishing that a few rods below the

Falls, the river should be so quiet that a little skiff can navigate its waters. At first I felt some alarm, but as our little bark floated along towards the middle of the river, my attention was fixed upon the Falls above, and a new feeling of delight came over me. Where there are so many fine points of view it is difficult to give a preference to any one; yet in no situation did I behold the Falls with more interest than when passing the river below them; and should you, Louisa, ever come to Niagara (as I hope you will within a year or two), you must not fail to cross the river at this place.

We find very good accommodations here, but our hotel is deficient in that fine view of the Falls which was afforded by the one on the Canada side. Notwithstanding Mrs. Stimpson's fears that she should find at the Falls no "genteel" company, I have met with several very agreeable parties. I am however surprised to observe the little interest in the scenery which is shown by many travellers, who, after coming a long journey with the professed object of seeing Niagara, content themselves with a very superficial observation of its wonders, spending their time in dressing, reading novels, playing at chess or backgammon, or in an occasional ride.

Many ladies come here unprovided with dresses suitable for visiting the Falls. I know not what I

should have done without the leather shoes and the thick cloak with which mamma provided me; for I have run about the rocks and climbed precipices, lingered at the Falls after sunset, and visited them before sunrise, in order to catch all the variety of their aspects. I assure you that prunella shoes would have but poorly guarded my feet against the rough sharp stones, and that without a thick cloak my clothes would often and often have been wet through.

Some English ladies of distinction have been staying at the same house with us. You have no idea, Louisa, how hardy they are, and how much they inure themselves to fatigue. With all my activity and heroism, I have been forced to acknowledge myself far inferior to them in these respects. They have been very kind and attentive to me; I cannot see in their manners any thing of that hauteur which we are apt to ascribe to the English. Papa says, it is not the better class of that nation who put on airs over the Americans, for they know by the events of past years how to respect us as a people; and besides, as he justly remarks, a person of real elevation of character does not consider it necessary to assume an appearance of consequence or dignity. This English party consists of Mr. Perceval, a member of the British Parliament, his wife, and two young

ladies, the one an adopted daughter, the other a niece of Mrs. P. They have been visiting Quebec and Montreal, and are intending to spend some time in travelling in the United States, before embarking for England. The young ladies are in some respects highly educated; they read with great elegance. I believe elocution is studied much more among the females in England than with us; as also history and the writings of the best poets. Such studies naturally produce an elegant style of conversation, and a handsome address. I have felt in the society of these young ladies their advantages over me in these particulars; but in some very common things, I have been surprised to find them ignorant.

They certainly know much less of the geography of America than we do of Europe, or even of Asia and Africa: for instance, one of the young ladies, the other day, spoke of the Andes as being in New-England, and of Charlestown as on the Hudson River; the greater part of America, she thought, was still a wilderness, inhabited by savages; and her cousin inquired very gravely, what language was generally spoken in Ohio; she thought I must have studied hard, and practised much, in order to speak such good English! I was much amused by hearing her ask her aunt whether she would be able to

find in New-York any shoes that she could wear, or if she could get any dresses made decently there.

These things, Louisa, are not said in contempt, but through actual ignorance of the state of improvement in our country; for they seem disposed to be pleased, when they find their expectations surpassed. It is quite evident, they look upon me as a prodigy, and they are much astonished that I should have been so civilized in the western wilderness. In conversing with Mrs. P. upon the state of female education in Europe, she very candidly said that from what she had learned of female education in the United States, she believed it superior to that in England, or indeed upon the Continent. She approved of a course of study which should embrace the elements of algebra and geometry, ancient languages, and natural science. These, she said, were almost unknown in any female school in England, though in some cases of private education great attainments had been made by ladies. Girls, though usually kept a great while at school, often completed their term of instruction with little real knowledge. Music and drawing, she remarked, usually occupied a great share of the time of the higher classes of young ladies; "too much," said she, "in proportion to their real value."

Mrs. P. spoke well of my execution on the piano,

although I would gladly have excused myself from performing in the presence of so good a judge. But papa says, that it is undervaluing mamma's instructions, for me to despise my knowledge of music; and he still insists upon being better pleased with simple Bonnie Doon, and other Scotch airs, and Mrs. Hemans's and Bishop Heber's songs, than the Italian music which the Misses Perceval play with so much power of execution. I make no pretensions to superior skill in music. I have nothing to lose by my performances.

One afternoon, as papa and I returned from an excursion to the Falls, laden with minerals and plants, Mrs. Perceval asked me, with an appearance of surprise, what I was going to do with those common-looking stones and plants. Papa, seeing me a little embarrassed for an answer, said, "I have taught my children to consider every natural production as interesting, and although I cannot endure in a woman an *affectation* of learning, yet I wish that my daughters should be sufficiently versed in science to view with attention the changes which are now going on in nature, or the evidences which everywhere appear of past change."

"Can you tell me, my dear madam," said papa to Mrs. P., "how these petrified shells which I found at the distance of some miles from the river, and

which are evidently of salt-water origin, could have been deposited at that place? Is there not something in this worth our attention? And this piece of rock" (taking up a specimen of *shell lime rock*), "you will perceive to be in a great measure composed of small shells of a particular species, cemented together by limestone: is it not a curious operation of nature which has thus made of shells a part of the solid pavement which now covers the globe?"

"I am aware," said Mrs. P., "that men of science find in the study of geology an ample field for research, and a source of amusement. In my own country, we have Buckland, Bakewell, and many other members of the Royal Geological Society, who are celebrated for their acquaintance with rocks, and their discoveries of the remains of animals which are supposed to have existed before the flood; but it did not once enter my thoughts that a young lady could be collecting minerals for scientific purposes. I have always been fond of purchasing curiosities, both as ornamental to my house and as giving pleasure to my young people, but have never learned to attach any interest to a piece of a common rock. I acknowledge, however," continued Mrs. P., "that we often pass by, with indifference, things which in themselves are wonderful, merely because they are common; while we consider as *phenomena*

such as are strange to us, although the former may be equally wonderful. And since you have called my attention to the subject, I confess that this rock, composed of shells, which I might have seen a hundred times without noticing, is to me as unaccountable a production as the elegant East India *madrepores* and *corals*, which I have purchased at a great expense."

"My dear mamma," said Mary P., "how delightful it must be to understand so much about the common things around us as Miss Westerley does; I am sure this is more useful knowledge than information about the heathen gods and goddesses which our governess kept us so long studying about, or even the real events of history."

"A knowledge of history Miss Mary," said papa, "is very important to all, and ought to be acquired in youth. You do yourself injustice in derogating so much from your own attainments, in order to exalt those of my daughter; she is very sensible, I presume, of the superior advantages of education which in many respects you have enjoyed over her. Still there is truth in your remark of the importance of knowing something of the natural objects which surround us, and we never realize this importance more than in travelling, especially in such a region as this, where the only charms are those of nature."

My collection of wild flowers now attracted the attention of the young ladies, who, while papa was engaged in conversation with Mrs. P., begged me to tell them their names and peculiarities. Sitting down upon a sofa, and emptying in my lap the contents of my basket, I took up a bunch of harebells (*campanula rotundifolia*), and explained to my attentive auditors the meaning of the botanical name; telling them that *campanula* was the name of the *genus*, and signified a little bell, in reference to the shape of the corolla or flower blossoms, and *rotundifolia* signified round leaf, thus *campanula rotundifolia* means the *round-leafed bell-flower*. This species, you may remember, Louisa, has only the leaves round which spring from its roots; the other leaves, being long and slender like flax, sometimes give to the plant the name of flax bell-flower. These flowers I told the young ladies I had found growing in the cleft of a rock near the Falls of Niagara, and on this account had preserved a bunch of them, although they were common in Ohio. They said the plant was also very common in England, that they had often trampled it under foot, without a thought of giving it a moment's attention. They now admired the symmetry of the corolla, and the correspondence of its five divisions to the five stamens, which organs of the plant they had never before remarked.

Then I showed them several kinds of mosses, and with a microscope called their attention to the different parts of the blossoms: they were much pleased to find what they had not before thought of, viz. that these plants bear flowers. I had also some lichens of a bright red and orange colour, which I had picked from the barks of some decayed trees, but I could say little respecting them, for you know these plants are not easy to analyze: the young ladies, however, thought it was something to learn that they were considered as vegetables, and grow from seeds, like other plants. They laughed heartily when I produced one or two specimens of mushrooms; these they said were very common in England, as an article of food, but they thought it a singular taste in a young lady, which should induce her to gather them for a bouquet. After indulging them in their pleasantry, I told them that it was not for the intrinsic beauty of the *fungus plant* that I had counted it worthy a place in my basket, but because from the little I knew of this curious family of vegetables, I regarded them with a sort of admiration, as having been able to elude the investigation of botanists more than almost any other kind of plants; and yet, I observed, from their various forms, and many other peculiarities, they have been arranged into many different genera and species.

But I found one flower very abundant about the sides of the rocks near the Falls, which I have never seen before. It is of a fine blue colour, having a large and showy labiate blossom. I have carefully pressed it, intending as soon as possible to ascertain its botanical classification and name.

Yesterday our English friends went with us, to view the Falls at several different points. We first descended to the foot of the cataract, by means of a staircase which has recently been constructed. The descent here, papa said, was about a hundred and sixty feet; the young people and the gentlemen of the party did not complain much of fatigue, but Mrs. P., though a good walker, was obliged to rest herself often during the descent, and still more frequently on our return. The old man at the head of the staircase, to whom we gave a shilling as entrance-money, told us that people used to descend this formidable precipice by means of ladders; and even ladies had sometimes performed this bold achievement. This seems almost incredible, for it is no small affair to go down even by means of the excellent accommodations which are now provided.

But what is the object in going down at all? I imagine you are ready to ask. It is not in my power to give you any adequate ideas of the appearance of the Falls here, or indeed at any other

spot; but you can imagine something of the sublimity of the scene, when standing at the very foot of the cataract, and looking upwards to its awful front. The noise here appears truly terrific, the mountains above seeming to totter, and the rocks beneath our feet to tremble.

The dashing of the spray is so great here as to resemble a shower of rain; the sides of the precipice, being constantly moistened, are almost covered with vegetation—mosses of various kinds are abundant, and among other plants peculiar to such a situation were great quantities of the one which produced the blue flowers of which I have already spoken. The principal rock which composes the perpendicular sides of the Niagara River, and also that over which the water falls, is called *geodiferous lime rock*. You can find in our cabinet some beautiful specimens of this from Lockport, which has produced some of the finest examples of this rock that have ever been found.

The word *geodiferous* signifies bearing *geodes* or cavities—these cavities are often filled with brilliant crystals of dog-tooth spar, selenite, or quartz. It also contains a great variety of petrifactions of shells. I observed the sides of the Falls to abound in snails and fresh-water shells, many of which still contained their living inhabitants.

Eaton states the thickness of the geodiferous lime rock to be about seventy feet at the Falls. It lies over *calciferous slate*, a term under which some geologists include several varieties of limestone rocks. "Calciferous slate," papa said, "is remarkable for its tendency to decomposition, and to form new productions, by a different combination of its elements. It sometimes produces Epsom salts, or *sulphate of magnesia* composed of sulphuric acid and magnesia; also alum, a double salt, which in chymistry is called *sulphate of alumine and potash*; this is composed of sulphuric acid united to alumine, and the same acid united to potash; the two sulphates combined, form alum. Copperas, or sulphate of iron, and stalactites of carbonate of lime are said to be very common in this rock, and also *calctuff*, which is remarkable for containing the impressions of such plants as are still growing around it."

I have several specimens of calctuff which were collected a few miles distant from the Falls. In some of these, moss is seen partly turned to stone, and partly in its natural state.

As the geodiferous lime rock is easily broken, its fragments are scattered in all directions around the Falls, showing that *time* has power even to wear away the solid foundations of Niagara. It is supposed these Falls were, many ages since, several

miles lower down the river, or nearer to Lake Ontario. A traveller remarks, "The banks on both sides of the river, from Queenstown to the present situation of the Falls, are solid, perpendicular, rocky cliffs, nearly two hundred feet above the surface of the river; and that every part of this distance, which is about seven and a half miles, has successively been the site of the Falls itself, must be evident to any person who will take the trouble to examine it throughout the whole length. This river, and particularly the part I am now describing, never rises above four or five feet higher than it is at present; and although it is impassable on account of its violent agitation, yet nothing short of the irresistible fury of the Falls itself could have made those lasting and immutable impressions which are to be seen upon the stupendous mass of rocks throughout the whole of this distance; and for ages to come, they will remain as monuments of the great and surprising changes this country has undergone."

This rock, which so easily wears away, is a few miles higher covered by the *cornitiferous* rock which I mentioned as abounding at Black Rock—the latter is very hard and less easily disintegrated; therefore, when the Falls shall have travelled high enough to reach this formation, they will meet with a more

formidable obstacle than that now presented by the geodiferous lime rock.

But really, Louisa, I ought to beg pardon of my good friends whom I have so long left at the foot of the cataract, deafened by its roar, and exposed to its heavy, damp spray, while I have been calmly describing rocks, petrifactions, &c. But let me hasten to retrieve my error, and take my companions to the upper light again. Well, here we are, and pursuing our way to Goat Island, from whence we shall obtain a fine view of the Falls. On passing to the farther end of this island, we seem to be in the very centre of the uproar; on our left are the turbulent and wild rapids; before us is Table rock, on the Canada side, shelving over and seeming at every instant liable to be uptorn, and with the rash beings who stand upon its treacherous surface, precipitated into the awful chasm below. At our right are the American Falls, which we have just contemplated from the foot of the precipice.

The same traveller (Shultze) whom I have just quoted remarks, that when he visited Niagara in 1807, it was said in the vicinity of the Falls that few who had had the hardihood to venture on Goat Island had ever returned: he speaks, therefore, of his own visit and escape from thence as an almost miraculous occurrence. I cannot, however, boast of any

remarkable adventure at this place. We walked over a comfortable bridge, found upon the island a little house for refreshments, with a very attentive keeper, who furnished us with some fine peaches and lemonade; he also exhibited for sale many of the peculiar curiosities of this region, such as Indian moccasins, and wampums of various kinds, petrifactions, and many fine mineralogical specimens, and shells. We all returned from our excursion in fine spirits, and to-morrow are to go upon the Canada side, to view once more before we leave this region the grand prospect there afforded.

We shall also visit the celebrated burning spring, which is about half a mile south of the Falls, on the Canada side. This spring is said to be situated in a rock, containing much of *iron pyrites, or sulphate of iron.* The water being decomposed by the iron, hydrogen gas is disengaged, and sulphur, being at the same time liberated from the pyrites, unites with the hydrogen, and forms sulphuretted hydrogen gas.

This gas, issuing freely from the spring, is received into a barrel which is placed over it. The barrel is furnished with a tube, through which a stream of the gas is emitted. On applying a taper to this tube, the gas ignites and burns brilliantly.

But I must hasten to close my letter. I cannot tell you from whence my next may be dated. I

shall not be able to write to you any more from Niagara.

My dear sister, adieu.

CAROLINE.

LETTER VI.

Rochester, July —, 1832.

MY DEAR LOUISA,

We have just arrived at this thriving, bustling town, through which papa says he travelled, about twenty years since, when it was an uncultivated wilderness. It is said to have had a more rapid increase than any village in the United States, and to be now exceeded in business by no towns in the state except Albany and New-York.

But I must not attempt to describe Rochester, until I have with you travelled over the interesting places, which we passed in our journey from Niagara Falls to this village. We left the Falls on Monday morning, accompanied by Mr. Perceval and his family. After crossing the Niagara, spending some hours in taking our farewell view of the Falls, going to the burning spring, and witnessing the

phenomenon of the natural formation of sulphuretted hydrogen gas at that place, visiting the Bridgewater battle-ground, of which I have already spoken, we dined at Forsyth's (whose house is situated near the Falls), and then proceeded on our way to Queenstown. This place is in Upper Canada, situated on Niagara River at the head of navigation, and opposite to Lewistown on the American side.

About two years before the battles of Chippewa and Bridgewater, an unsuccessful attempt was made by the Americans under Col. Van Rensselaer to drive the British from their position at Queenstown. The shores of the river form here an almost perpendicular precipice, called the Heights. The Americans made several attempts to cross the river before they succeeded, as the current here is usually rough, especially in tempestuous weather, such as at that time prevailed. On the morning of October 13th, 1812, part of the American forces had effected a landing. Col. Van Rensselaer, as he stepped from his boat upon the British side, received several severe wounds. He however directed his men to proceed to the attack; and this was done with so much courage and effect, that the enemy were driven from their post, and fled from the heights in every direction. At this time General Brock was seen advancing from Fort George (which is situated

below Queenstown at the mouth of the Niagara river), with a reinforcement of soldiers. One of the American officers, being intimidated at the appearance of this new force, raised a white flag in token of submission. Captain Wool, on whom the command devolved after the injury which Van Rensselaer had received, indignantly lowered this flag, and prepared to meet the enemy. One of his men attempting to flee as the British attacking them with fury had driven the Americans to the verge of the precipice, Captain Wool ordered the deserter to be shot; he however instantly returned to his duty, and the order was countermanded. The British in their turn were now attacked and driven back. General Brock, in attempting to rally his men, was mortally wounded.

The Americans had gained possession of the heights, and supposed their victory complete, when they were attacked by a new force, consisting of one thousand British and Chippewa Indians, who had followed General Brock from Fort George. The Americans, now in danger of being overcome, some of the officers crossed over to Lewistown to procure a reinforcement from the militia who were there: but, disgraceful as the fact is, they refused to go, on the plea that by the Constitution of the United States, the militia could not be required to go out of the

country. Twenty-five hundred men, therefore, remained on the American side of the river, deaf to the entreaties of the regular officers of the army, and coldly looking on the slaughter of their brave countrymen, overpowered by a superior force. Finding their countrymen thus deaf to their calls, seven hundred Americans surrendered themselves as prisoners of war. Thus were lost the advantages which had been hoped from the attempt to gain possession of an important post, and command of the navigation of Niagara River.

The British have erected on Queenstown heights a noble monument to the memory of General Brock. This is so conspicuous as to be seen for many miles distant on the American side.

Our party intended to have taken a steamboat, and proceed down Lake Ontario to Oswego, and from there down the Genesee River, but as some interruption had taken place in the regular running of the boats, we concluded to proceed directly to Rochester. We crossed to Lewistown in a little skiff, and as we were whirling about in the eddies of the river under the formidable front of the heights, I shuddered to think of the situation of those brave Americans who, exposed as we then were, had dared to land at Queenstown amid the guns of their enemy who were posted on the rocks above.

It was not to be expected that our English friends would feel as we did, on the subject of this battle; their sympathies were of course with their own countrymen. Mr. Perceval spoke of the brave General Brock as being much regretted in his own country; he contemplated the monument erected to his memory with evident emotion; he had known him in his native land, and felt that the tribute of a tear was due to one who had thus nobly fallen in his country's service. We all cordially united in the wish that the war which gave rise to the sanguinary engagements on the Niagara frontier might be the last between two nations bound to each other by the ties of blood, of a common language, and especially by the same Christian faith.

At Lewistown, which is but an inconsiderable place, we commenced travelling upon what is called the *ridge-road.* This, papa says, is considered as a great natural curiosity. It extends from Lewistown on the Niagara to Rochester on the Genesee, a distance of eighty-seven miles. What renders this road an object of wonder is the very singular circumstance, that a ridge of a few rods wide, and extending to so great a length, is thrown up by nature, as if for the very purpose for which it is used. This ridge is composed of sand, which resembles that thrown up by the water of lakes upon their beach;

with this sand are intermixed shells of various kinds, such as are now to be found upon the shores of Lake Ontario. The Ridge-road preserves a distance of from six to ten miles from the present shore of Lake Ontario, towards which there is a gradual descent of a hundred and thirty feet. The general opinion with respect to this ridge is that it was once the shore of the lake, and that the waters have gradually receded. I heard Judge Porter, of Niagara Falls, observe, that he doubted not the country to a considerable distance around had once been the bed of a vast lake.

I ought, in speaking of the Falls and our visit in their neighbourhood, to have told you of the pleasant situation occupied by Judge P., and of the polite attentions paid us by his amiable family. But I have been obliged to omit much that was interesting amid the variety of new scenery and new acquaintances which have engaged my attention; and yet how much I have already scribbled to you since I left home! By the time I get to New-York, at this rate, I shall have written a volume. Do not think, however, my dear sister, that I grow weary of communicating my observations to you. It is pleasant to me to retire to my apartment, and converse with you in imagination; and besides, as a matter of duty, I consider myself bound to render my tour interest-

ing and profitable to you, who so cheerfully remain with our dear mamma, to assist her in domestic cares, to cheer and enliven her solitude by your society, and the advancement of your education.

In travelling from Lewistown to Lockport in a stage-coach, we had for a fellow-passenger a man of singular appearance and deportment. At the first view there seemed nothing peculiarly striking about him; his dress and manners were those of a person in the middling ranks of life, his look humble and unpretending. After we had proceeded a little distance, the conversation turning upon the face of the country and the geological facts connected with it, the stranger made some remarks which showed him to be a close observer of *nature*, whatever he might be with respect to attainments in *book-learning*. I ventured to ask some questions relative to the plants and minerals of the surrounding country, and found him perfectly familiar with the natural characteristics of the botanical and mineralogical kingdoms; and yet his knowledge seemed wholly the fruit of his own observation and experience; but though ignorant of the systems of others, he seemed to have formed for himself on many subjects the same theories which students find laid down in books.

I found this stranger, too, a metaphysician: he did not indeed talk about *identity*, *self-evident propo-*

sitions, mental phenomena, &c.; but he seemed a most shrewd judge of character, and to know in reality much more of the operations of the human mind than many who write learned treatises on the subject. Respecting the geography of the country through which we were passing, he seemed perfectly familiar; every little creek, rivulet, or cross-road was to him an old acquaintance. We all found a benefit in this knowledge, as the stage-driver, for his own accommodation, was about going off the customary road, and taking us a more circuitous and less agreeable way; our knowing stranger told us at once what was the true state of the case, and by a few words, spoken significantly to the driver, compelled him to turn back into the more common route.

I was sadly puzzled to account for the mixture of shrewdness and openness, knowledge of things and ignorance of books, benevolence of feeling and at the same time suspicion of others, which seemed all blended together in the character of this man. Besides, he seemed both old and young, for though his countenance was that of youth, he had the thoughtful brow of age, and time or hardships had touched with silver gray the thick clusters of dark brown hair which shaded his ample forehead.

The interest I had taken in his remarks seemed

not to have passed unnoticed; for, several times when the stage stopped for a few minutes, he gathered fruit, or picked up some plant or mineral which he respectfully offered to me. As papa seemed not to disapprove my acceptance of these little attentions, offered as they were with respect, and without the least affectation of gallantry, I did not hesitate to receive them.

Now, Louisa, is not your curiosity excited with respect to this unknown knight of the *rueful countenance?* Methinks I hear you say, "Who could he be? Not surely an ordinary farmer or mechanic, whose days had been spent in labour, and his nights in rest." Let me whisper in your ear the terrible secret. He was (as papa afterward discovered) one of the very persons engaged in the "*Morgan conspiracy*," and for several years past had been sometimes skulking about the country to elude pursuit, and at others confined in prison, with leisure to deliberate and form systems of natural science or ethics. He was, at the time we were honoured with his company, on his way to Albany, to attend upon a new trial, in which many others were also concerned for their agency in the Morgan affair.

I was much mortified at this *denouement* respecting the chevalier, who had in so knightly a manner rendered me various services. But papa

said that he did not consider the conduct of this man as having proceeded from innate depravity, or desire of doing violence and injury, but from an enthusiastic attachment to the order of free-masonry, which he had pledged himself to support, and which he supposed had been violated and degraded by Morgan. He had taken dreadful oaths to avenge such violence and degradation, and, as papa observed, no doubt supposed he was "doing God service in being exceedingly mad" against their author. None but daring and energetic spirits could ever have adopted such measures as did the Morgan conspirators; and although this man of whom I have spoken had been in his early days a simple mechanic, yet several years had been spent in going from place to place, in being brought forward in public trials in one court and another, and looked upon by one class of people as a murderer, while his own fraternity regarded him as a martyr. All this would naturally give to a man of quick perception and an active mind an appearance not to be found in common life. When I write a novel it shall be American, and this man shall be my Rob Roy or bravo.

At Lockport we passed our night, and the next morning examined the celebrated canal locks at that place. This is the first time we have met the canal since leaving Black Rock, the distance from which

by this is less than thirty miles, although by the route we took it is much greater. The first locks which occur on the canal after leaving Lake Erie are at Lockport. A descent of sixty feet, down what is called the *mountain ridge*, is here passed by means of five locks.

A lock is a basin made so tight as to contain water, and furnished with gates at both ends. Suppose then that a height of sixty feet is to be descended by a canal-boat; you know that one lock or basin could not well be made sufficiently deep to effect such an object. But a basin of stone twelve feet deep may be made. Well, at Lockport there are five successive locks of twelve feet in depth; you will perceive then by multiplying twelve by five you have the whole sixty feet of descent. When a boat is to descend the canal, the water of the first lock is let off into the second by raising the flood-gate; thus the boat in the first lock gradually sinks to a level with the water in the second, the gate being then opened, it floats into it. The water is then let off into the third lock, by raising the gate of the second, and the boat floats gently down into this third basin as soon as it is filled with water from the lock above it. Thus are all the basins descended until the whole declivity has been passed. There are facilities for ascending as well as for descending by

means of two rows of locks, between which are thick walls of mason-work, constructed of blocks of stone cemented by *water-lime rock*, which for this purpose is burned, and then pulverized and made into paste. This is found to become harder and firmer by lying in water; very fortunately, this lime rock is abundant throughout the greater part of the canal route, and it has therefore been used in the construction of locks, especially in the western part of the canal.

It is stated in Eaton's Survey of the Canal, that the depth of *geodiferous lime rock* is more than thirty feet at Lockport, and that this in some of the lower locks is found to lie over *calciferous slate*. Where these two strata meet it is said numerous petrifactions are to be found; however, I was somewhat disappointed at not being able to find at Lockport many good specimens either of rocks or petrifactions. So many travellers resort here, that every thing of this kind near the locks is picked up, and we had not leisure to devote to a minute search among the rocks. We were however directed to a shop where collections were kept for sale, and made purchase of a few of the most interesting minerals of this locality.

Lockport is really a most wild and picturesque spot. The work of art, great as it appears in the excavations I have described, is by no means more striking than the aspect of nature at this place. The

village is divided into an upper and lower part; the descent from the one to the other is over the *mountain-ridge*, composed of naked and almost perpendicular rocks. Occasionally a tasteful white cottage, with its green window-blinds, its court-yard and shrubbery, appears from a point of view, evidently chosen for its romantic situation on some commanding cliff, rather than its proximity to other dwellings. Of the two villages the upper is the most populous; but we preferred the accommodations found for travellers in the lower village.

One day's ride from Lockport brought us to Rochester. I have now, to use a mercantile phrase, "*posted up my accounts*" to this place, and must beg leave to bid you adieu for the present, with the promise of describing in my next the wonders and beauties of this "Western New-York," as Rochester is sometimes called.

Louisa, remember your sister in her wanderings, and believe her your ever affectionate

CAROLINE.

LETTER VII.

Rochester, July —, 1832.

My dear Sister,

This place and its neighbourhood abounds with fine natural scenery, and considering the short time since the hand and taste of man have here been active, it affords many interesting works of art. In describing Rochester, I will first mention its geographical location.

This town is situated on the Genesee River, ninety-four miles east of Buffalo, and two hundred and sixty-nine west of Albany. It is about seven miles from Lake Ontario, or the mouth of the Genesee River. This river, you will see by looking upon a map of the United States, rises in Pennsylvania not far from the head waters of the Susquehanna and the Alleghany. I have been told that in an elevated tract of land, not more than six miles in extent, rise these waters, which take their different courses towards Lake Ontario, the Atlantic Ocean, and the Mississippi River.

The Genesee River waters a fine and fertile region, which in the early days of the settlement of this part

of the State of New-York was known generally by the name of the "Genesee country." This river at Rochester has a very strong and powerful current, which affords to the village great manufacturing advantages. Papa says, that the flouring mills here are probably on a greater scale than in almost any other place in the world. There are a great many factories and mechanical establishments carried on by means of water-power.

Trusting that you now have a clear idea of the situation of Rochester, I will proceed to tell you something of the curiosities of the place. We first visited the celebrated aqueduct. This word, you know, is derived from the Latin, *aqua* water, and *duco* to conduct or lead; it therefore signifies conducting water. I have shown you the manner in which the canal passes down a steep declivity at Lockport. But at Rochester it has to pass a river with high perpendicular banks. Now how should you imagine, Louisa, that this could be accomplished? Just think of a bridge thrown over the river, made level with the canal, and then so tight as to hold water, and you have a conception of a canal aqueduct. It is a curious sight indeed to see a boat floating over a bridge.

This aqueduct bridge is said to be more than eight hundred feet long. You know our house is about

fifty feet in length; so that this astonishing work must be as long as sixteen houses like our Pleasant Valley mansion. The aqueduct is built of red freestone, called by some geologists *red sandstone*, by others *saliferous* rock, from the Latin *sal* salt, and *fero* to bear, as this stratum is usually found to contain salt springs. I shall by-and-by tell you something more of this rock, on remarking upon the geological features of this region. But I must now finish my description of the aqueduct bridge. I counted eleven arches, by which it is supported. It is said that this bridge did not cost much less than a hundred thousand dollars. It is situated near the centre of the village, and presents a very lively and animated as well as picturesque view; here are to be seen canal-boats constantly passing and repassing, business people hurrying in different directions, and travellers like ourselves looking and wondering at what to the inhabitants has become a common and indifferent object, except as it serves their own convenience.

The Percevals are with us at Rochester. Mr. P. is much astonished at what he has heard respecting the rapid settlement and progress of the place: he appeared also much struck with the extent of the labour expended upon the canal at Lockport, and at the Genesee River. He remarked that the Western

canal exceeded in length any in Europe, though not probably in labour and expense. He spoke of the Caledonian Canal, which extends from the eastern to the western coast of Scotland, passing through the chain of *lochs* or lakes on its northern border. To save cutting through the rocks, the bed of one of the lakes, Loch Lochy, is raised twelve feet throughout its whole length of ten miles, and its breadth of one mile. At one place in this canal, Mr. P. said, were "eight connected locks one hundred and eighty feet long and forty wide, with gates of cast iron. These locks are sometimes called *Neptune's* Staircase, and being sufficiently large to admit shipping, often present a grand sight when viewed at the bottom of the hill below, as large vessels are seen floating down the declivity." He further remarked, that in going from Loch Lochy to Loch Eil, the canal crossed, by means of aqueduct bridges, three large streams, and twenty-three smaller ones.

One circumstance Mr. Perceval mentioned respecting this canal struck me as being conducive both to beauty and utility; this is, the planting of shade trees along its banks. This would serve as a protection to the poor horses who drag the canal-boats, and to their riders, who, often exposed to a burning sun, jog on through their respective routes whatever may be their own sufferings or that of their

beasts. And then, how much it would relieve the monotony of travelling over marshy flats and sandy plains, if the eye might rest on the beautiful foliage of the locust, the graceful elm, or the rich maples; the horse-chestnut too I love very much, and if its blossoms did not fade so early, I should be almost tempted to petition the Legislature of New-York to plant two rows of them from Buffalo to Albany.

I was going to tell you more about Mr. P.'s remarks respecting the canals of Great Britain, but my propensity for digression has led me too far from what I had attempted, viz. to describe the natural and artificial curiosities on and about the Genesee River, in latitude forty-three degrees north, and longitude seventy-eight degrees west. I believe I am at this moment about two degrees of latitude north and four degrees of longitude east of you.

A short walk from the aqueduct bridge brings us to the great Falls on the Genesee. These are about ninety feet in height, and had I not previously seen Niagara, would have appeared to me a very grand spectacle; they are certainly well worth a traveller's notice. Papa informed me that a few years since a poor creature by the name of Patch, who had gained money and notoriety by performing similar acts of daring, offered to go beyond all he had before attempted, by leaping from a scaffold erected twenty-

five feet above the rocks over which this river falls, down to the gulf below. A great many people assembled to witness this performance. Patch drank deeply of intoxicating liquor, and then, apparently without concern for body or soul, made the awful plunge! There was a breathless and painful suspense among the spectators, and for moments they stood anxiously looking for him to rise out of the water; but he rose no more, until his dead body was floated at some distance below the Falls: he will rise no more until that general resurrection when the wicked shall "call on the rocks to cover them," that they may be hidden from the piercing eye of Him who will judge them for "the deeds done in the body."

How much does the conduct of this poor creature resemble that of those who follow in the paths of sin, intoxicating themselves with pleasure, until reason, principle, and fear are all drowned in the illusions of the senses, and they madly rush into the yawning gulf of perdition! Does not a scene like that presented by the fatal leap of this man over the Genesee Falls, reflect disgrace upon those who encouraged such a dreadful exhibition, merely for purposes of amusement? We are shocked at the savage propensity of the ancient Romans, who encouraged *gladiators* to fight and kill each other for their enter-

tainment; we condemn the barbarous taste of the Spanish, whose most splendid and popular amusements are the furious *bull-fights*, in which these animals are goaded to madness by every species of irritation: and yet an American populace could assemble to behold a fellow-creature risk his life for their entertainment; they could contribute money that would have been consumed in low and wicked sensuality if their entertainer had escaped with his life.

While papa was relating to me, as we stood at the foot of the Falls, some of the circumstances of that tragical affair, I could not but exclaim, "Can it be possible that those who call themselves Christians stood on this spot and saw a fellow-creature thus plunge into eternity, thoughtless of God, or a judgment to come, without raising a warning voice, without one admonition to the heedless being who thus madly rushed into the presence of a just and holy God!"

"At the time that this event occurred," said papa, "the state of moral and religious feeling of the inhabitants of Rochester was very different from what it is at present. Such an entertainment as this would now receive little countenance from any of the people in this vicinity, while with most it would be highly condemned and decidedly opposed."

I must now tell you something of the geological

character of this region, as far as my own observations, aided by those of others, have informed me. I have made a little sketch of the rocks which, according to Eaton, compose the Falls at Rochester. You are not to suppose that he or any other person actually discovered all the rocks which are supposed to exist at that place; for it is only the *geodiferous* or upper rock which appears very plainly at the Falls. But by following the Genesee River from thence to the lower Genesee Falls, about two miles farther, different rocks successively appear, except those below the red sandstone or *saliferous* rock; this forms for some distance the bed of the canal a few miles west of Rochester, and again appears at Lewistown ten miles below the Falls of Niagara.* The *red sandstone* rock is considered as closely connected with coal and salt-beds; and in Europe the geologist who discovers this stratum is sure that rock-salt or salt springs may be found in or above, and beds of coal below it: but in our country coal has not yet been found to be always in connexion with red sandstone, although salt springs are generally found associated with it. You have heard of the manufactories of salt from the waters of these springs in Montezuma, Salina, and other

* For remarks on this subject, the young reader is referred to the Child's Geology, pages 54 and 75.

places in the western part of this state; but you had not perhaps heard that these springs are all connected with red sandstone. Some have supposed that there must be beds of solid salt below this rock, which give saltness to the springs; but others, who say that such beds would have been discovered if they existed, believe that the process of forming salt is constantly carried on by nature. They suppose that *muriatic acid* and *soda*, the two elements which by their combination form salt, exist in the rocks, and are constantly producing salt, or *muriate of soda*, by their union.

A gentleman whom I heard conversing on the subject observed, that he had no doubt of the existence of large quantities of coal below the red sandstone in this state; he said that no serious attempts had yet been made to dig through this stratum for coal, as, the country being well wooded, there had not yet been any want of fuel. But as the population should increase, and the forests be cleared up, the discovery of coal-beds would be considered of great importance, and he did not doubt but then such discoveries would be made.

In confirmation of his opinion, he mentioned the fact, that in Oneida county, not far from the canal, at the foot of a hill where the red sandstone stratum juts out, a constant stream of *carburetted hydrogen*

gas issues from beneath, at the rate of a gallon in a minute. Now this gas, as you will recollect we learned from our chymical studies and experiments, is composed of *carbon* and *hydrogen*. Carbon is the principal constituent of coal; wherever coal exists, the gas of carbon, called *carbonous gas*, is likely to be produced. Water, which is composed in part of *hydrogen*, furnishes by its decomposition the latter gas, which, uniting to the *carbonous*, forms *carburetted hydrogen*. Thus you see that the presence of this gas issuing forth from between rocks may well be supposed to indicate the existence of coal-beds below. This is the gas which so often proved fatal to miners from its sudden explosions when brought into contact with flame, before the invention of a *safety-lamp* of fine wire gauze by Sir Humphrey Davy.

By understanding the position of the rocks at the Falls at Rochester, we perceive where the coal, if any exists, must be situated; this would be below the *saliferous* or salt-bearing stratum. Above the latter is the iron-bearing or *ferriferous stratum*, composed of slate and sand-rock. I have already told you something of the strata above these, as they occurred at Niagara; and I doubt not but you think I have given to this letter enough of the *salt* of science.

I ought not to forget to tell you that my young English friends have become fond of collecting minerals and plants, and having provided themselves with some elementary works on the subjects, are beginning to understand something of geology and botany; even Mrs. P. herself has become a convert to papa's arguments, and says she shall no longer think any thing uninteresting because it is common.

My dear sister, much as I love waterfalls, and all kinds of beautiful and sublime scenery, I feel that all inanimate nature is nothing in comparison to the beloved beings who can sympathize with me in my emotions, and from whose eyes beam forth the light of intelligence and love. I would give all that I have seen and admired for a week past for one of mamma's sweet and approving smiles; and not a little would I give for one kind and affectionate moment with the companion of my childhood, my sister and friend: but this is an idle dream, I must go farther and farther from you; months and even years may pass before we meet; and how many things may take place to prevent our meeting at all in this world of uncertainty and disappointment! May we, my dear sister, consider this, and cease not to live in the exercise of those pious affections and hopes which alone can fit us for that eternal world

whither we are going, and reunite us in the mansions of eternal blessedness.

Remember in your daily prayers your absent and affectionate

CAROLINE.

LETTER VIII.

Rochester, August —, 1832.

YESTERDAY was the Sabbath. I had been spending the past week in viewing the wonderful works of God, and I rejoiced to rest on that holy day, and to worship the holy Being whose greatness had been in so many ways manifested to my senses. I rose early, and having read in the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, the account of the last supper of our Saviour with his disciples, I was led to meditate upon his goodness in thus appointing a sacrament for a perpetual remembrance of himself. In this, frail and sinful man is reminded of the great sacrifice made for his sins, and invited to partake of that body and blood which was given for him.

Yes, the great Author of nature, "He who spreadeth forth the heavens, who hangeth the earth upon

nothing, who raiseth up mountains, and causeth the waters to flow into the valleys," even He is our Saviour and Redeemer. Meek and lowly as was Jesus of Nazareth, breathing peace and forgiveness to all around him, suffering indignity and persecution from the great ones of the earth, weeping over the city most cruel and contemptuous towards him, and saying, with grief and tenderness, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Meek and lowly as he was, yet "in him dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily," power over the elements of nature, over death and the spirits of darkness! He it is who at his second coming is "to judge the world," and "to separate the righteous from the wicked."

What a mysterious union of qualities appears in the character of Jesus Christ; there is none so low, so wicked, but he is ready to receive and to bless him; none so high or so powerful on earth or in heaven but in attempting to dare his omnipotence is as a worm of the dust before him. But mysterious and incomprehensible as are the sublime doctrines of our religion, yet even we, my dear sister, young and ignorant as we are, are capable of understanding and enjoying its hopes and consolations; and yet many great and highly-gifted men are vainly

seeking to reconcile to human understanding truths which the human mind cannot fathom. In doing this, how often do they become themselves bewildered, and form new and absurd systems, or, giving up the whole of Christianity, fall into the gulf of unbelief, with no single ray from above to break the thick darkness of skepticism. This is because they will not, as "little children," hear the words of the Saviour, and receive his doctrines; they would treat him as they would a teacher of human science; that is, they are willing to receive his doctrines only as they can understand them.

How precious is the privilege of having pious parents, who before the mind becomes proud of its own strength, and disposed to rest upon its own researches, impress it with religious truth! Even the infidel parent feels that his child ought to put implicit confidence in his words, to obey without attempting to understand the reasons for his belief and obedience; and cannot such a parent perceive that between him and his Maker is a distance awfully greater than between a mortal man and his young offspring?

Yesterday was a communion season in the church which we attended. The services were peculiarly solemn, and the audience appeared attentive and devout. The pastor, though young in years, seemed

ripe in piety. He addressed his audience with that feeling and earnestness which becomes "a dying man to dying men." His text in the morning was from these impressive words, "Be ye also ready." What added to their force on this occasion was the circumstance that they had been given out as a text for this day by a young female who the week before had been called into eternity, and who before her departure had evinced great anxiety that her early death might be blessed to the careless and worldly among her many acquaintances. She had, a short time before her sickness, become convinced of the empty nature of worldly enjoyments, and embraced the truth as set forth in the gospel; she had set her feet "in the strait and narrow way," had directed her eyes towards the Star of Bethlehem, and when death came, her only fears were for those who had not yet found that "peace which the world giveth not."

Those who had with her received the consecrated bread and wine now missed her at the altar, but their hearts were cheered by the thought that she had gone to inherit that eternal life promised to those who "worthily eat and drink the body and blood of Christ."

My dear papa and myself joined with the professed disciples of Christ in partaking of the "holy mysteries." While kneeling at the altar, I felt a

peculiar anxiety that my dear sister might soon share with me in this encouraging and strengthening ordinance; and I offered up a sincere and fervent prayer that the pious affections which seemed to have taken root in her mind might flourish and produce the fruits of holiness; that she might be confirmed in her good resolutions to make an early profession of her faith in a crucified and risen Saviour, and be enabled to fulfil the vows made for her in baptism, that she should "continue Christ's faithful servant and follower all the days of her life."

This occasion was to me a very affecting one. It is just about one year since I first presented myself as an unworthy guest at the table of the Lord. I was then deeply sensible that not for any merit of my own might I presume to appear in that place; but feeling that I was invited to come, I dared not refuse. I know that my conduct and feelings have since been far below what a Christian's should be; and yet a sweet sense of pardoning love and mercy supports me in viewing my own deficiencies.

Many circumstances conspired to render this communion season more than usually impressive. I was far from that dear mother by whose side I had always knelt at the altar, and I felt the possibility that I might never again enjoy that privilege. I felt too that the strangers by whom I was surrounded

were indeed my brethren, sharing with me in one "Lord, one faith, and one baptism," and I could almost fancy myself already in that world among whose inhabitants there is but one all-powerful tie, and where all lesser considerations are swallowed up in the union of hearts and voices in ascribing "blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, unto God for ever and ever."

On Sabbath evening we attended a third service, and here again appeared a crowded assembly, eager to listen to the words of life; while the same deep and fervent zeal seemed to animate the heart of him who seemed to be fast consuming the lamp of life, that he might be "a burning and a shining light" to the people of his charge.

On our return from the third service, the Percevals were sitting in the parlour of our hotel, pursuing their several occupations and amusements. Mr. P. himself, who is taking notes of his travels, was engaged with his manuscripts. Mrs. P. was playing backgammon with her niece, while the other young lady was carelessly turning over a volume of prints.

"Really, Mr. Westerley," said Mr. P. to papa as we entered, "you and your daughter have made a business of going to church to-day. I attended

morning service, which satisfied my conscience very well."

"I am far from presuming to interfere with the consciences of others," was the reply; "for I find ample employment in regulating myself."

"But, my dear sir, are you not making quite too serious and slavish an affair of this keeping of Sunday? Is it not given us for our own use? You know the good book says the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

"The Sabbath is indeed made for man, and what higher privilege can man enjoy than to consecrate his best faculties to the praise and worship of his Maker? what greater enjoyment than to find his heart in unison with the noble themes which treat of man's redemption, and the glories which await him in that state of existence of which this is but as the porch to a magnificent temple of infinite extent? But excuse me, sir, this is a subject on which, feeling as I do, if I speak at all, I must express myself with earnestness; but you will recollect that you have thrown me upon my defence, and I hope will believe that I am far from intending to judge those who may differ from me in opinion."

Papa evidently seemed unwilling to suffer the serene state of his own feelings to be interrupted by the continuation of an argument which, without

profiting others might be unfavourable to himself; and taking advantage of a momentary pause, in which Mr. Perceval seemed rallying his forces for a fresh attack, he bade us good night and retired to his own apartment.

I was intending to go immediately to my own room, when Mrs. P. whose attention had been drawn from the game in which she was engaged by the foregoing conversation, said, "And is your father, Miss Westerley, really a Methodist? I thought he was a member of our church."

"My father, madam," said I, "is a member of the Episcopal church, but he is not exclusive in his religious feelings; he loves Christians of all denominations."

"Excuse me, my dear, if I remark, that I have observed in your father a puritanical strictness and severity which seemed not to harmonize with the general urbanity of his fine and gentlemanly manners, the elevated tone of his sentiments, and the high cultivation of his mind; but I was by no means aware that he thought people in order to be Christians must go to church three times a day."

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "you must have misunderstood my father's remarks if you gathered from them that he does thus think. Our parish minister, a very good and, as we doubt not, a pious

man, does not think proper to open the church for a third service on Sunday. I have indeed heard my parents regret this, not so much on account of their own family, to whose religious instruction they usually devote the evening of the Sabbath, as for the sake of some of their neighbours, who are accustomed to spend the evening in amusement or idleness for the want of some regular religious services of a public nature."

"Why, my dear child," said Mrs. P., "should your parents wish to deprive their poor and hard labouring neighbours of the pleasures of the Sabbath evening? In England, from which country you know your religion is derived, few among any classes, high or low, think themselves bound to attend more than the morning service on Sunday; indeed it is often very difficult for the higher classes to do so; as on this day we usually either dine abroad or have company, and our dinner-hour would be interfered with by attending upon a second service."

"My dear Miss Westerley," said Mary Perceval, "if you knew how many pleasant excursions Sunday affords us, I am sure your kind heart would not wish to deprive us of them in order that we might be shut up all day in a gloomy church. Oh mamma, how delightfully we passed the Sunday before we left home, in company with Lady Stanley and her family,

in sailing up the Thames in our new Cleopatra barge! As we left the smoke and dust of London, the pure fresh air seemed to fan my cheek as if to welcome me to its embrace; I could not cease from drawing long breaths that I might inhale its balmy sweetness; and I even envied the peasants who could always have this enjoyment of air as it comes unadulterated from the hand of Providence." (Poor thing, thought I, she forgot her duty to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift" in violating his command to keep holy the Sabbath-day.) "Oh Caroline," said the enthusiastic girl, "you can little imagine the beauty and richness of the scenery which our Thames presents, with its gardens, its shrubberies, its neat boxes, its elegant villas, and magnificent seats, which are scattered around in every direction, and meet the eye at every point of view. How delighted I should be to see your admiration of the Botanical Garden at Kew, you who understand all about the scientific arrangement of plants. But I shall never forget the delightful spot. I must tell you something about it, though I see you look impatient, as if you wanted to go; but I have scarcely spoken with you to-day, and now you must be content to stay with us a while, for we are all so dull without you and your kind papa."

"Well, my dear," said I, "make haste and tell

me about the gardens at Kew, and the remainder of your Sabbath-day's excursion."

"Kew, you must understand, Miss Westerley, is a villa containing a royal palace (a thing with which you Americans are not blessed), built in the Gothic style, and famous for its picturesque grounds, as well as collections of rare plants, beasts, and birds. In the heart of the villa is a *wilderness*, which, in the centre, presents an open space surmounted by a very singular building, called the Great Chinese Pagoda. The figure is octagonal, it consists of ten stories, and is more than a hundred and sixty feet in height: I wish I could show you its wonderful interior; but as this cannot be, it is in vain to attempt a description of it. Well then, you must know that the building is crowned by an observatory, from which a most delightful and extensive prospect of the surrounding country is obtained. The collection of plants is splendid beyond description; I was told that the African plants alone occupied a building of one hundred and ten feet in length.

"In a retired spot in the wilderness stands the late queen's favourite cottage. Instead of a few hours, I should like to have spent my life at Kew; that is, if there were not in the world so many other fine sights."

"If you had always staid at Kew, my dear,"

said her aunt, "you could not have seen Niagara."

"Oh, Niagara! I had forgotten that when I said nothing could equal the Thames."

"Have you got through with your excursion, Miss Mary?" said I (feeling that, however interesting the description might have been at another time, I did not then wish to have my mind diverted from the thoughts of the past day and its solemnities).

"You must hear further, my dear Miss Westerley, for how can I, since the spirit of description has descended upon me, fail to speak of Richmond, with its enchanting variety of scenery? But I will modestly suffer my own muse to fold her wings, and soaring with one more lofty, will show forth the charms of this delightful place."

The lively and elegant girl, then putting herself into a theatrical attitude, repeated with the grace of a Siddons the following lines from Thomson:—

"Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
Oh vale of bliss! oh softly-swelling hills!
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
Heav'ns! what a goodly prospect spread around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams."

"Very charming," said I, "both the poetry and

the manner in which you have recited it. I can readily comprehend that your excursion, presenting as it did so much that was lovely both in nature and art, must have been truly delightful, and yet pardon me, my dear girl, and you, my dear madam, if I say that with my views of our obligations to keep holy the Sabbath-day, I could not be happy even amid such scenes in a party of pleasure, feeling as I must that I was neglecting the peculiar duties of the day."

"But," said Miss P., "we can see the beauties of Kew only on Sunday, since the gardens are not allowed to be opened to visiters any other day."

"I am very sorry," I answered, "to hear that in a country professing to take the lead in disseminating the Christian religion, a royal mandate should thus encourage the breach of one of its commandments; but we owe our first obedience to Him who is the King of kings and Lord of lords."

Mrs. P. was too polite to press me further on a subject when she saw I was decided, and the young ladies, half-wondering and half-vexed at what they considered my puritanical obstinacy, forbore to urge my stay, when I rose to bid them good night.

In the solitude of my own chamber I reviewed with grateful emotions the privileges of the day; I felt that there is an enjoyment in the services of religion infinitely beyond what the pleasures of the world

can yield. My heart swelled with gratitude to Him who had caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose; and in this place, where savage orgies had so recently resounded, had caused the voice of praise and prayer to ascend from so many thousand pious worshippers of the Lamb.

The progress of piety has indeed been great in this place and in many others of the western villages in the state, during a few years past. And although from what I have learned on this subject, I should think some fanaticism has been mingled with Christian zeal, yet an incalculable amount of good has been produced by the efforts which have been made to turn the attention of the careless to the great concerns of eternity.

In Rochester there are now twelve churches of different denominations; one of these is a Gothic building of much beauty and elegance. Papa thought its interior was finished without sufficient regard to the style of building which had been attempted; and Mr. P., rather sneeringly for him, made some remarks about its not being quite equal to Westminster Abbey. To me, however, who have seen but little of the magnificence of art, it appeared a grand and beautiful building.

We have received many hospitalities from the good people of Rochester; the best part of the soci-

ety here, as in Buffalo, is said to be mostly composed of emigrants from New-England.

The greatest deficiency which, in the view of some of its inhabitants, exists in this place, is with respect to schools, particularly for females. The young ladies here are generally sent abroad, either to Canandaigua, Troy, or New-York, for their education.*

I shall be very busy the remainder of the day in preparing to recommence our journey to-morrow. It is not therefore in my power to give you descriptions of all the interesting objects I have seen; the lower Falls of the Genesee at Carthage, two miles distant, the splendid view of the surrounding country obtained from the observatory at the top of the Arcade, these and many other subjects might furnish matter for a very long letter. But you must give me credit for some industry in writing as much as I have done from here, while I have been so much on the wing.

Adieu, my dear sister.

CAROLINE.

* Since the visit of the "Young Traveller" to Rochester, it is understood that a flourishing Female Seminary, under the care of the Misses Black, formerly of London, and for some time resident in the Troy Seminary, has been established on the plan of the latter institution.

LETTER IX.

Canandaigua, ———.

Our party in the stage-coach from Rochester to this place consisted of Mr. P. and family, a strange gentleman and lady, papa, and myself. We were favoured with fine weather, and all seemed disposed to contribute to the general entertainment.

Mr. P. described to us Westminster Hall, where the King of England dines on the day of his coronation. It is an immense apartment, nearly three hundred feet in length and one hundred in breadth. This building was erected by William Rufus, and afterward enlarged by Richard II., who is said to have entertained ten thousand persons within its walls. The grand courts of justice were formerly held here, and here Charles I. was tried and sentenced to be beheaded. The House of Lords, Mr. P. says, is very near to Westminster Hall, and not distinguished either for magnificence or elegance. Papa remarked that American travellers had described the houses for the accommodation of the two branches of the British legislature, the Lords and Commons, as inferior to the American *capitol* at

Washington, where our two houses of Congress hold their sessions. Mr. P. good-naturedly observed that, much as his country had suffered in the loss of their American Colonies, he believed that many of its inhabitants did with him heartily rejoice in the growing prosperity of this fair republic; "and," he added, "I assure you, sir, that the conduct of our troops at Washington during the late war, in demolishing and defacing the works of art in that city with barbarian ferocity, was severely censured by many, both in and out of parliament."

Mr. P. then, at my request, told me about the *woolsacks*, respecting which I had read in English books. I had not supposed the lord chancellor of England did really sit upon such a sack, but that the name for the seat of this dignitary was a figurative expression, or originated in some ancient usage; but it seems that the lord chancellor, the judges, and the principal officers in the House of Lords are actually, when in the discharge of their duties, mounted upon high woolsacks covered with crimson baize; while the peers, according to their rank, sit on benches covered with baize of the same kind. The archbishops sit on the right-hand of the throne, with the dukes and marquises next, the bishops are on the left of the throne, while the barons are placed on benches fronting it. The throne, or king's seat, is

an arm-chair elegantly carved and gilt, and covered with crimson velvet, embroidered with silver; it is elevated above all the other seats, while suspended over it is a canopy of state, having the coat of arms of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain richly embroidered in silk. When the king attends upon the house, all the bishops and lords are dressed in their robes of state.

What a pity it is that kings should not always be really great and noble! and how degraded seems human nature when weak and wicked men bear rule over their fellow-beings!

I cannot now give you Mr. Perceval's description of Westminster Abbey, although it was highly interesting. I have often read of this venerable building, but never could form in my own mind so lively a conception of it as I obtained from his description. Did you know that besides the grand church of St. Peter there are eleven chapels belonging to the abbey? Each chapel has its tombs and monuments of distinguished persons; and here kings, queens, nobles, politicians, poets, philosophers, musicians, and actors—all moulder in quiet repose, as far as this world is concerned.

Mrs. Perceval tells me that the wife of the present King of England, Queen Adelaide, is a woman of simple, unostentatious manners and habits, and that

she has endeavoured to correct the extravagance and licentiousness of her court, not only by precept, but by her own example.

Miss Perceval and her amiable cousin, Eliza Mac Donald, were more than usually sociable during our ride, as they anticipated a separation from us at Canandaigua. They asked me of my home and sisters, and were much surprised to learn that you, my dear Louisa, who are but fourteen, had made respectable proficiency in Latin, knew something of Greek, could read Spanish very well, and could both write and speak the French with facility: that, withal, you wrote a fine English style, was a good arithmetician, had studied the elements of geometry, could analyze flowers, make experiments in chymistry, and play pieces of music on the piano and guitar at sight. Simple and easy as these things have appeared to us, who have been so much accustomed to a regular division of time, and to habits of industrious application under the faithful superintendence of our dear parents, I find they seem quite wonderful to many persons; and really begin to fear I shall be thought pedantic, from the circumstance of asking questions, and appearing to know a little about things which, it seems, young ladies are generally supposed to be entirely ignorant of.

Miss Mac Donald, who is near my age, said, "I

presume your sister devotes all her time to study; she cannot, surely, learn the use of her needle, or find any time for amusement, with so many other pursuits." I told her that, on the contrary, you was very expert at sewing, and quite a good little housekeeper; being often employed by mamma in making pastry, and in superintending and performing other household operations, besides finding time, in summer, to keep part of a flower-garden in order; and to read and amuse yourself some hours every day.

You may think, my dear sister, that I was too forward in setting forth your acquirements, but I assure you it was not until my young companions had urged me to give them an outline of your character. I must tell you as did the sons of Jacob their father, when they returned from Egypt with a message from the great man of the country, that they must bring their younger brother with them when they next came. Jacob, you recollect, asked them why they had told the man that they had a younger brother; and they said, "How could we know that he would say to us, Bring your brother down?" So, Louisa, how could I have known, when I told them, in answer to their inquiry, that I had a sister, that they would wish to know how she had been educated? You will see, therefore, and mamma, who hates every thing like display, will per-

ceive too, that I was not intentionally guilty of it in this instance.

I have told you that a stranger gentleman and his wife accompanied us from Rochester to this place. They were from Kentucky, and going to Saratoga Springs for the lady's health; who appeared extremely debilitated. Her servant, a slave, who had been long attached to her family, and had insisted on accompanying her as a nurse, had left her at Rochester, where she met with some blacks, who told her she was free in the State of New-York. I could not but feel a deep interest for one who, though she seemed upon the borders of the grave, appeared unconscious of her real situation, and talked of the world, its fashions, and vanities with as much interest as if it was to be her everlasting abode. She was, notwithstanding the pressure of disease, a brilliant woman, and appeared to anticipate the novelty and gayeties of the Springs, as if she was going for pleasure, rather than to seek for a temporary alleviation of a malady which threatened her existence.

She had been describing to us the state of society in Lexington, their parties of pleasure, and fashionable amusements, not forgetting the grotesque scenes of a country barbecue, when, exhausted by her efforts to converse, she sank, fainting and gasping for

breath, into the arms of her attentive but sorrowful husband. We were all alarmed, for she looked frightfully pale and livid, but in a few minutes recovered so as to be able to speak. She then laughed at her husband for being so serious about what she called a slight affair, apologized to the company for having caused any uneasiness, and resumed her share in conversation as if nothing had happened.

Oh, my dear sister, how much did I feel for this thoughtless, inconsiderate, but lovely woman!—on the very shores of eternity, and yet amusing herself with toys and trifles, instead of making any provision for that world to which she, probably, is so soon to take her passage! If a person about to go to Europe for even a few months, were to spend the last moments given for preparation in picking up sea-shells upon the beach, or culling such flowers as presented themselves, without any care to lay in stores for the voyage, without making arrangements for a residence abroad, or providing funds to meet coming necessities, how improvident, how mad would such a course appear! And yet we see people, who seem wise for this world, entirely neglecting their eternal interests, laying up no treasures in that world which is to be their everlasting home, and providing no comforts for their passage across the Jordan of death.

We arrived at the beautiful village of Canandaigua

in season for dinner. I cannot say much of the scenery between this place and Rochester, as I was more occupied with what was passing within the stage-coach than attentive to things abroad; but I do not think any views of much interest presented themselves on the road, and we passed no village of importance.

Canandaigua is situated upon the outlet of a small lake of the same name, about fifteen miles long and one broad. The waters of this lake flow into Lake Ontario, and the county in which it is situated is called Ontario. Upon examining a map of the State of New-York, you will perceive that south of Lake Ontario are a number of smaller lakes, connected with the former by rivers, which run a northerly course. From this fact you will understand, that there is a descent towards Lake Ontario in the north-western counties of this state. We have now arrived at the first of the secondary lakes, and are upon an elevation of six hundred and seventy feet above the Atlantic Ocean, one hundred and five above Lake Erie, and somewhat less above Lake Ontario. The great canal runs considerably to the north of Canandaigua.

This village appears quite unlike Rochester; instead of the busy, bustling appearance of the latter place, Canandaigua seems quiet and calm. Elegant mansions surrounded by large court-yards and hand-

some gardens, with noble trees, for fruit and shade, bespeak wealth accumulated, and leisure for tasteful improvements; while Rochester, like youth, seems full of life and enterprise, Canandaigua, with the dignity of more mature years, appears reposing in the enjoyment of wealth already acquired. Among the many pleasant seats which adorn this place, I would mention the residence of Mr. G., a gentleman of high reputation for hospitality and benevolence.

When the Duke d'Orleans, now King of France, was, many years ago, in this country, friendless and homeless, Mr. G. offered him the hospitalities of his house, and showed him many marks of attention. It so happened that Mr. G. and his lady were in Europe in 1830, that wonderful era of the late revolution, which so unexpectedly placed Philippe d'Orleans upon the throne of France. The monarch, not forgetful of his American friend, no sooner learned of his being in Paris than he sent him an invitation to make the palace his home during his stay in the capital. This, to be sure, seems nothing more than a natural and equitable return of politeness, but yet it is spoken of as a very meritorious thing in Louis Philippe; as though it was remarkable for a king to do an act which in another person would be considered merely one of ordinary justice.

Another anecdote I have heard of Mr. G. is

much more interesting than the one relating to the king. It was related to me by a lady who was personally acquainted with the facts. Mr. G., it seems, was, a few years since, present at a public examination in a female seminary, of distinguished reputation, where he particularly observed a young girl of a remarkably modest and unassuming deportment, who yet seemed to be first in several classes which were examined. At length a circumstance occurred which particularly called his attention to her: a class in Enfield's philosophy were under examination; the young lady whom I have already mentioned had been very thoroughly questioned, and had demonstrated, with much clearness and propriety, one of the most difficult propositions in the book, when a member of the class, who had been called up to be examined, being unable, on account of indisposition, to proceed, she was again called up, and requested to go through with the unfinished demonstration. The audience, some of whom had supposed the pupils must have made a previous preparation of their own particular exercises, in order to be so prompt in their answers, expected that the young lady, thus unexpectedly called upon, would be embarrassed, and unable to proceed. She, however, stepped forward to the black-board which contained the figures, as written by her class-mate, examined the method in

which she had proceeded, and then, without the least hesitation, went through with the proposition, showing at every step in the demonstration, that the whole process was perfectly comprehended in her own mind. She then took her seat with much modesty and humility, apparently unconscious of the admiration of the many distinguished persons who happened to be present.

Mr. G., on inquiring of a gentleman who sat next him, was told that this interesting girl was the daughter of a widow, who had been for several years suffering under depressed circumstances. The father of the young lady was a merchant, who emigrated from England while his children were very young. He lived but a short time after settling in one of the flourishing towns on the Hudson River, and left an embarrassed estate. His widow, unaccustomed to hardships, found herself placed in very trying circumstances; without property or friends, and in a foreign country, she knew not what to do with her young family of fatherless children. But He who is the "father of the fatherless" raised up some friends who encouraged her to exert herself, and assisted in placing her three daughters in the school whose examination was now going forward. The principal of the institution, Mr. G. was told, had done much to assist this worthy family, and was

now endeavouring to prepare the young ladies to become teachers.

The next day, Mr. G. waited on the principal of the school, and handing her a sum of money in bank-notes, requested that she would give this to her interesting pupil, and at the same time added another sum for her mother, the excellent widow, who was labouring under so many difficulties and privations in order to promote the education of her daughters. The lady principal was so highly delighted that Providence had sent, thus unexpectedly, a benefactor to this interesting family, that she went herself, in company with a friend, to bear the donation to the interesting family.

This friend who accompanied the principal of the school to the house of the widow is the person from whom I had the relation which I give you. Although I am making out a long letter, yet I must tell you what the lady said of the visit to which I have just referred; and I will give the relation in her own words.

"It was just at evening as Mrs. D. and myself set out upon our agreeable errand. We found the dwelling of Mrs. K., the mother of the interesting Amelia, situated in an unpleasant part of the city, surrounded by mean and dirty shops and houses. On knocking at the street door, a middle-aged woman, plainly but neatly attired, invited us to enter.

Mrs. D. was acquainted with the mother of her pupils, and introduced me to Mrs. K., who received us with the ease and politeness of one accustomed to society. On casting my eyes about the room where we sat, I was struck with the neatness and propriety which prevailed, notwithstanding an air of close and rigid economy. In the window-seats stood several pots of geraniums, roses, and other house-plants, some of which were in full bloom, and all by their verdant and lively appearance bespoke care and attention. Several finely executed paintings, the work of Mrs. K.'s daughters, hung about the room in plain frames —a handsome but old-looking carpet carefully darned, and an antiquated sideboard, bore testimony to former days of prosperity; while the cooking-stove, and some culinary utensils near it, showed that this room served the double purpose of parlour and kitchen.

"Mrs. D. inquired after the health and circumstances of the family. 'We have many mercies to be thankful for,' was the pious answer of Mrs. K., 'and are provided for beyond our deserts: but I am sometimes anxious for the future; and now, as I owe for my last quarter's rent, and my daughters need some new clothing in order to appear suitably dressed for school, I feel too much solicitude with respect to the means by which I shall be enabled to discharge my debt and provide for their wants.

My children will soon, I hope, be able to render me some assistance, and even now they do a great deal when out of school.'—'Your children, my dear madam,' said Mrs. D., 'are indeed blessings to you, and you have great cause to confide in Him who has promised to be the widow's God.' Mrs. D. then produced the money which Mr. G. had sent to her daughter Amelia, and to herself. The good Mrs. K. wept tears of joy and gratitude on hearing the praises bestowed upon her beloved child, and receiving the relief which had come to her in a manner so gratifying to a parent's heart."

I had the curiosity to inquire of the lady who related to me this interesting story, if she knew any thing of the young girl in whom Mr. G. had been so much interested. "This young girl," said the lady, "is now a lady of elegant manners, and high intellectual attainments, and occupies a station of great responsibility and usefulness. She has been enabled to provide handsomely for her excellent mother and youngest sister; and her elder sister is a valuable assistant in a very respectable school." How much more to be envied, my dear sister, is this charming Amelia K., than those butterflies of fashion, who, without any real merit, are able by means of money to make a figure in the world! May we,

like her, be a comfort and honour to our parents, and useful to the world.

There is in Canandaigua a very beautiful and finely situated building, which is appropriated to a female seminary. In company with some friends, papa and myself visited the school. The principal very politely showed us the different apartments, for study, recitations, &c. There is much in the construction and arrangement of the rooms to please the eye; but it was observed by one of the company, that the rooms were too large for the convenience and advantage of the pupils, as many were obliged to study and lodge in the same apartment; the parlours also were thought to be too numerous, as they required much expense of furniture and labour of servants.

For some reason this institution has not flourished as was expected; and is said to have been an expense rather than a pecuniary advantage to the place.

The Percevals will not proceed with us any farther, as they are going from here to visit an English family on the borders of a beautiful lake at some distance. I consider the chance which brought me acquainted with this family as fortunate. Too lofty in rank to need the assistance of impertinent and assuming manners, and too elevated in character to practise the meannesses of the *would-be* great, they are probably a good specimen of English character,

under its most favourable aspect. I refer to manners and morals, but not to religion. You will perceive by my letter from Rochester, that their ideas of the duties and privileges of the Christian are far below the standard which has been held up to us by our parents. There was a want of communion of feeling between them and us on religious subjects, which was the more painful from the circumstance that in most other respects our sentiments blended in sweet and pleasant harmony. Mr. Perceval is a highly polished gentleman, with a mind enriched by ancient and modern literature. Should he ever think proper to publish his notes upon American character, manners, government, &c., from which I have with great pleasure heard him read some extracts, they will make a very different work from those of Captain Hall and a Mrs. Trollope—the latter of whom has, it seems, recently published a mass of matter in the form of "Travels in America," which in many respects is said to apply no more to the actual state of things in our country than to the Hottentots of Africa. Mr. Perceval speaks with great severity of this conduct of some of the English who visit our shores; and will not allow these works to be made a standard of English feeling towards America.

Mrs. Perceval is a woman of a fine, commanding person, and manners which might dignify a duchess.

She has honoured me by her friendship and regard, altogether beyond what I could have expected. Mamma will feel truly grateful to her for the maternal kindness with which this foreign lady has distinguished her rustic daughter. Should the family remain in the country as long as they sometimes anticipate, I am not without the hope that Mrs. P. and my dear mother may yet become personally known to each other.

In speaking of this English lady, Louisa, you will observe that I have never passed any high encomiums upon her intellectual attainments. She is not a Hannah More or a Maria Edgeworth, nor indeed is she as familiar with the writings of these ladies as mamma is; and yet there is a powerful charm in her language and conversation, a richness of thought, and brilliancy of fancy, which render her society delightful and improving. Now if, in addition to all this, and the truly amiable disposition which she possesses, her reasoning powers had been cultivated by a suitable course of mental discipline, and her principles purified and elevated by the influences of the Holy Spirit, Mrs. Perceval would indeed be a perfect character. As she is, I think her more like the late Empress Josephine, as this interesting but unfortunate woman is represented in the "Family Library," than any person I have ever seen.

Miss Perceval, the adopted daughter, is sprightly and amiable, and her cousin Miss M'Donald, though less lively, is far from being uninteresting. Both are very affectionate to the kind and liberal benefactors who have supplied to them the want of parents and fortune; but, like too many young people, they seem *thoughtlessly* happy, without any conception that there are in life trials to be met, and duties to be discharged. But it is painful to me to perceive any defects in people who have treated me with so much kindness, whom I love, and from whom I am about to be separated for ever; but we must discriminate, Louisa, or there can be no such thing as a settled regard to genuine worth and goodness. I have endeavoured, in my intercourse with these interesting people, to do what I know my dear mother would have advised; that is, to profit by a close observation of their fine manners and conversations, without suffering their opinions upon moral or religious subjects to affect my own principles. Until a young person is able to do this, intercourse with the world must be very dangerous to the character.

To-morrow we go to Auburn, from whence I will endeavour to write to you, as we intend remaining a few days there. Adieu.

CAROLINE.

LETTER X.

Auburn, August —, 1832.

This is indeed a beautiful region, abounding with pleasant and flourishing villages and beautiful lakes. Geneva, which is about sixteen miles from Canandaigua, and situated at the outlet of Seneca Lake, is a delightful place. We stopped there but a short time, but long enough to take a view of its general appearance, as seen from an elevated site in one of its principal streets. There is a college in this place, which, though recently established, is said to be flourishing. The lake on which this village is situated is larger than that of Canandaigua; it is connected to the great Western Canal by a short canal, which, proceeding north-easterly, touches the north part of Cayuga Lake, and then enters the great canal at Montezuma. Seneca Lake is situated upon a table-land, which stretches from the Catskill Mountains, near the Hudson River, a north-westerly course, to the distance of nearly three hundred miles; this table-land contains the Otsego Lake, whose waters flow to the Susquehannah River, and on whose banks is the pleasant village of Cooperstown. The waters of

Seneca Lake are carried by the Seneca River to the Oswego, a river which runs from Oneida Lake into Lake Ontario.

On our road from Geneva to Auburn, we passed the outlet of Cayuga Lake, at the head of which, about forty miles distant, is Ithaca, to which place a steamboat carries those travellers who wish to visit that flourishing village. We had thought of taking that pleasant little tour, but our time did not permit.

We have now been two days in Auburn, or rather in the vicinity, for but little of our time has been passed in this village. The day after our arrival, we rode to Skeneateles, and paid a visit to the family of Mr. K. in that place.

Whether it was that the interest I felt in the people whom we saw there communicated beauties to the scenery, or whether this is indeed an earthly paradise, I cannot exactly say; but indeed no spot which I have contemplated, since I left home, has seemed to me so beautiful as the country about Skeneateles Lake, especially that around the dwelling of Mr. K. The water of the lake looked purer, the foliage of the trees seemed more graceful, and the verdure of the fields more refreshing, than at any other place between that and our own delightful island on the Ohio. Although I was a little sus-

picious that imagination had, with her magic pencil, touched the landscape with more lively colours than did in reality exist, I find I am not alone in ranking that village among the first in this region, in point of beautiful and picturesque scenery.

The shores of the lake are beautifully rounded, and present a luxuriant vegetation: the principal street of the village commands a full view of this calm and pure sheet of water. As I stood contemplating this scene, I was reminded of the descriptions I had read of the Cumberland lakes, in the north of England, particularly the Derwentwater.

A few elegant mansions, surrounded with locust, weeping-willow, and elm-trees, added to the interest of the scene, by showing that the hand of taste and cultivation had been busy amid native beauty and elegance.

But our visit to Mr. K.'s I must not fail to mention: it was not a commonplace one, which is forgotten as soon as over. There were two young ladies at home, the younger of whom is near my age, the other two or three years older. They received me with an air of sincere cordiality, very different from the formal politeness which is so often assumed by some young ladies, or the hoydenish familiarity of others. I felt myself at home in five minutes after having entered the house. The young

ladies showed, by their conversation, that their minds had been highly cultivated; they did not, indeed, tell me what they had studied, but I could not fail to perceive, from their various observations, that their knowledge was extensive and thorough. And yet they had not the least pedantry or affectation; indeed, how unreasonable is the supposition that learning makes people ridiculous: it is low attainments that cause vanity: those who climb high enough upon the hill of science to see the broad expanse which remains untravelled will naturally be modest and humble.

I could mention some young ladies to whom I have been introduced within these two days, whose manners and conversation are entirely the opposite of the Misses K., and who, relying upon some pretensions to beauty, have failed to cultivate their minds, the barrenness of which appears as soon as you attempt to converse with them. The Misses K. are too elevated in their characters to desire general admiration; they are quite above being called *belles*, a distinction which I find weak-minded girls quite ambitious of. Even young misses, whose age scarcely entitles them to be called ladies, seem in some instances to be infected with this love of admiration, and, like Angeline Stimpson, impatient to

be *brought out*, and throw aside the restraints of teachers and parents.

But I must not stop to tell you of all that delighted me in my visit to Mr. K's., and in the society of the interesting young ladies his daughters, though I find the subject a pleasant one—for indeed, sister, it is much more delightful to talk or to write about people and things that are agreeable than to be compelled to find fault. But you know that it is necessary to discriminate between right and wrong, proper and improper; and our parents have taught us, while they disapprove censoriousness, to be select in our choice of associates, to seek the society of intellectual and good people, and avoid as much as possible those who live only for pleasure, neglectful of real duties and valuable attainments, and priding themselves upon mere beauty, wealth, or fashion.

We have had a pleasant ride to the Owasco Lake, a few miles from Auburn. This is another beautiful sheet of water, with rich and level banks, and skirted with verdant fields. On the bank of this lake is the residence of the present governor of this state. His house is a low cottage-like building, furnished with republican simplicity. Mrs. T., with whom we spent a few hours, is a lady of sweet and agreeable manners; and though simple and unostentatious in her tastes and habits, it is said she has sustained

with much eclat the rank to which she has been called by her husband's elevation. A lady who has seen her much at Albany, the seat of the state government, observed that she went through the routine of show and company which her station rendered necessary with as much elegance and grace as if all her life had been spent in the drawing-room.

In going from Auburn to the Owasco Lake, we passed a pleasant farm-house, in which is kept a school for young misses. It has been continued for several years, and is said to be a safe and useful institution for quite young pupils. Several little girls were at play upon a grass-plat in front of the house, and apparently very happy.

I must for the present leave this letter unfinished, as we are going with a party upon an excursion to the Onondaga Lake: this will occupy two days, after which, we shall proceed with all possible despatch to Utica. Adieu, then, for a short time.

Well, Louisa, I have taken my pen to give you a hasty sketch of what I have seen and heard in my little tour to the salt-works, the Onondaga Lake, and Syracuse. This would have been a pleasant excursion, but that we were not very fortunate in our company.

In the first place, the manner in which the two young

ladies who accompanied us were dressed for a ride of twenty or thirty miles, appeared to me extremely improper—French hats and muslins, pearl ornaments, elegant white silk stockings, and satin shoes did seem to me much out of place on the occasion; especially as it would be necessary to ramble about in order to view those curiosities which we were going professedly for the purpose of examining.

The father of the young ladies, Mr. Duncan, a college friend of papa's, seemed to be a sensible, judicious man; but the mother was what one might expect from the appearance of her daughters, vain, uneducated, and vulgar. In possession of fortune which she knows not how to use, and moving in a sphere to which she has been unaccustomed, she seems afraid of not being equal to the situation in which she is placed, and is thus constantly over-acting her part; she was, like her daughters, quite over-dressed for the occasion. I could not help contrasting her blond lace and other appendages with the simplicity of attire which Mrs. Perceval always exhibited in her riding-dress; while for an evening-party she could, when she chose, exhibit diamonds such as are seldom seen in this country. I could not help asking papa how a man of Mr. Duncan's education and taste came to marry such a woman. He smiled, and said she had once been

called very handsome; that his friend having early acquired a prejudice against learned women, married Maria Conway, with the expectation that he could make her the *beau ideal* of his fancy; but that he had found ignorance less yielding than he had expected, and had been wholly disappointed in his anticipations of domestic happiness.

A young gentleman of much pretension, and an ease of manners approaching to the impudent, who accompanied the Duncans, seemed an object of no small interest to the elder of the young ladies. As we were about to step into our carriages, and I, of course, expecting to ride with papa, Mrs. D. said, "As the young people, Mr. Westerley, will no doubt enjoy themselves best together, you will let your daughter ride in our carriage with my girls and Mr. Fairfield, while my husband and myself will accompany you."

Although the arrangement by no means pleased papa, who saw that these young people were not such as he should have selected for my companions, yet feeling the delicacy of his situation, he made no opposition to the arrangement, and I was accordingly seated by the side of Miss Catalina Duncan, while her elder sister, Miss Sally Maria, and Mr. Fairfield took the forward seat in the carriage.

I was not suffered to enjoy the fine views of

woods, hills, and waters which presented themselves on the road, for Miss Catalina seemed determined to give me no space for observation on things abroad. She began by asking me a thousand questions all in one breath; "Had we many parties in the place where we lived? were there many beaux there? and did we not find it difficult to obtain fashionable dresses at such a distance from New-York?" &c. &c.

She then went on to tell me how much her new piano cost, and what her father paid, in New-York, for the set of ornaments she had on. "But only think," said she, "that Sally Maria declares she will not wear hers another time, because Susan Mills, whose father is nothing but a shoemaker, has got some exactly like them." Sally Maria, who had been listening with much apparent complacency to the forward and impertinent remarks of her companion, hearing this last sentence, exclaimed, "Now, Catalina, you need not be entertaining Miss Westerley by telling her every thing I say, and more too; but then it is true enough that I did tell you I would not wear any thing which was so common that a mechanic's daughter could afford to have it."

"That's right," said the young gentleman, with a sarcastic smile, "I like to see ladies *exclusive* and *aristocratic*."—Then affecting a sentimental air, he

continued, "But why does Miss Duncan wear ornaments at all? has she forgotten that the poet says,

'Beauty when unadorn'd is adorn'd the most?'"

Now Miss Sally Maria Duncan happens to be remarkably plain-looking, with a flat snub nose, small gray eyes, a large mouth, and bad teeth, and withal having a very sallow, dark complexion—her figure is also ungraceful, being neither full and round nor tall and slender, but square and destitute of all symmetry. Yet the pretended compliment of Mr. Fairfield was most graciously received, though the young lady, in affected anger, patting him upon the shoulder, said, "Oh, you impudent creature, how can you flatter so!"

I could not avoid feeling a degree of indignation at the young man, who was thus amusing himself at this foolish girl's expense. I had learned too that he had made serious advances towards the acquisition of the hand of Miss Duncan, accompanied, as it was to be, with some fifty or sixty thousands in bank stock. As I looked up, his eye met mine, as if he would read my thoughts of his attempt at wit. He probably perceived the contempt with which I regarded his conduct, for even his unblushing face seemed for a moment to glow with the consciousness of his own meanness, and during the remainder of

the ride, his conversation and manner were in a degree respectful and gentlemanly.

Many circumstances conspire to render the vicinity to the Onondaga Lake interesting. Here is the principal part of the remnant of the Onondaga tribe of Indians, at a place called Onondaga Castle, containing between forty and fifty log huts, and nearly two hundred persons. This was formerly the seat of the grand council of the Six Nations. As these Indians do not appear to differ materially in their manner of life from the Senecas, of whom I wrote you a description from Buffalo, it is not necessary that I should describe our visit to them. The town in which they live is said to contain between 5000 and 6000 white inhabitants; while they, the ancient lords of the soil, once a great nation, are thus reduced to so small a number.

As I perceived at a little distance a group of Indians, apparently not belonging to the settlement, lingering around the ancient burying-place of the nation, I was forcibly reminded of some of Bryant's lines, and could easily imagine them pursuing a train of thought like the following:

"It is the spot I came to seek—
My father's ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

They waste us—ay, like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow as we go
Towards the setting day—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea."

The village of Syracuse is near this place; it contains many fine modern-built brick houses. The hotel at which we stopped for the night is of brick, four stories high. From a cupola on the top we had an extensive view of the surrounding country, embracing Onondaga Lake, and the village of Salina, which is not more than one mile distant. Between the two villages is a handsome court-house; and I heard it remarked, that should the population of these places increase as it has done within a few years past, there will undoubtedly be seen, at no distant period, elegant buildings extending throughout the whole distance.

Salina is so called from *sal*, salt; this village contains the principal salt-springs in the State, and is situated near the Onondaga, which is sometimes called the Salt Lake, from the quantity of salt waters around its shores, though the lake is itself pure. Salt is obtained from these waters either by solar evaporation or boiling. The vats for the evaporation of the water by the first-mentioned process are said to cover nearly one hundred acres. A gallon

of water produces about one pound of salt. Besides salt, or the *muriate of soda*, this water contains small portions of the *muriate of lime*, *sulphate of lime*, the *oxide of iron*, and the *sulphate of magnesia*.

The first salt-spring discovered here was observed by an Indian, from the circumstance of its being a favourite resort of deer and other wild animals, who were fond of licking up the waters, and the soil over which they had passed.

The prevailing rock in this vicinity is that kind of sandstone which is termed by some geologists the *saliferous* or salt-bearing rock.

The waters of the Onondaga Lake are discharged by an outlet into Seneca River; this, running an easterly course, empties into the Oswego River, which has its source in Oneida Lake. The Oswego then proceeds towards Lake Ontario, bearing the waters of seven lakes to mingle with those of the Ontario. These lakes are the Canandaigua, Seneca, Cayuga, Skeneateles, Onondaga, and Oneida, the waters of all but the first being discharged into Seneca River. Besides the lakes which I have mentioned, as being connected with Ontario, there are several smaller ones, as Crooked Lake, which lies west of the Seneca, Owasco Lake, &c.

I hope you will not fail to examine a map of the State of New-York, and see for yourself the pecu-

liar situation and connexion of these lakes and rivers, and also to point them out to our little brother.

A canal from Salina to Oswego on Lake Ontario connects with this lake the great Western Canal. Great quantities of salt are conveyed to the lake by means of this canal, and from thence exported to Canada. We should have proceeded from Salina to Utica by the canal, had it not been necessary for papa to return to Auburn, in order to complete some business at this place.

The fine ladies who accompanied us on this little tour, as they went rather to *be seen* than to *see*, did not go to the salt-works, or to the Indian settlement. Mr. Duncan, who very politely attended, to show us the curiosities of the place, was evidently chagrined that his wife and daughters exhibited no interest in these things. I heard him tell papa, that if he had had less money to spend, his daughters would have been better educated; but that he had greatly erred in sending them to a very expensive boarding-school, in New-York, where little else was thought of than music, and French, and fashionable manners. It seems a great misfortune, since the minds of these young ladies have been so wholly sacrificed to gentility, that they possess so little of it. But I am convinced, Louisa, that really polished manners cannot exist without mental cultivation; and we ought to be

ever grateful that our parents began the work of education with us by unfolding our intellectual powers and cultivating our moral principles. Certainly, the style of conversation and manners to which we have been accustomed in our own home at Pleasant Valley, to me appears much more refined and truly genteel than the frivolous discourse and bold assurance which seem to pass current in the circles of fashion: still I am too great a novice in these things to judge; I have yet seen little of the world, and may have been peculiarly unfortunate in the *fashionables* whom I have met.

But go on, Louisa, in your quiet and elegant pursuits, and fear not that when you shall appear in society you will command as much real respect as if you had spent your youth in the most fashionable boarding-school in the United States.

I know not that I shall write you again for some days, as we shall now proceed with little delay to Albany; there we intend remaining long enough to see something of the society and objects of interest in the place, and to visit Troy, that delightful spot of which our friends who have been educated there are never tired of speaking. I believe we shall be in the neighbourhood about the time of the public examination at the seminary, and I have the promise of being permitted to attend. Will not this be worth a

journey from Ohio? If we should find our expectations of that institution answered, perhaps papa will think best to place you there, after my return home.—Home, dear home—I have now been absent from it a month; what may not have happened during this interval! But I feel the necessity of committing you all into the hands of that overruling Providence, without whose knowledge not even a "sparrow falleth to the ground." My anxieties can avail nothing; neither can those of my absent friends in my behalf preserve me from dangers in journeying, from sickness, or misfortune: but yet, though we have no power to protect or preserve our distant friends, we have the privilege of going to *One* who has this power, and of entreating Him to watch over and to keep them. This is a blessed privilege, and one which is, in a great degree, able to allay those fearful forebodings and gloomy apprehensions which often disturb the tranquillity of the soul. When we have sincerely and devoutly committed our friends to the Divine disposal, we can scarcely fail of resting quietly with respect to them—for "will not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Next to hearing about mamma, yourself, and my dear little brother, I want to know how Rachel is. Dear Rachel, how kind and patient she used to be with us, when we were wild and sometimes naughty chil-

dren, and how much she does for mamma's comfort! What an example of faithfulness and sobriety to domestics! If we, my dear sister, discharge our duties in life as well as she does hers, in the station in which she is placed, we may enjoy the approbation of our own consciences here, and hope for that of our Judge hereafter.

Is our good nurse well? and does she remember me, and trouble herself about my health? Please tell her that I am perfectly free from all coughs, and other bodily ailments.—Your affectionate sister,

CAROLINE.

Further Notices of the Family at Pleasant Valley.

We will now return to the family at Pleasant Valley, who, being deprived of two of its most interesting members, felt something like melancholy cloud their former cheerful abode. However, as Mrs. Westerley, aware that occupation was the best resource against *ennui* and anxiety, planned for herself and Louisa additional pursuits, they soon insensibly found their engagements engross too much of their attention to allow of useless repinings.

Mrs. Westerley considered it a duty to superintend

her domestic arrangements, and having been from her youth familiar with housekeeping, she was enabled to order matters with such judgment and discretion, that her servants were never confused or embarrassed by directions which it was impossible to follow. In this she had a great advantage over those ladies who, ignorant of the amount of time or labour necessary for the completion of an object, often give orders to servants which could not, without the aid of magic, be performed by the time or in the manner required.

Besides looking to the affairs of her house, to which Mrs. Westerley, accompanied by Louisa, usually devoted the hour after breakfast, this excellent woman thought it necessary, in her husband's absence, to take an interest in the labours of those who cultivated the beautiful and productive farm which supplied them with necessaries and comforts. She therefore often spoke with the labourers, encouraged them in their efforts, by showing them that she was conscious of their faithfulness, and thus every thing abroad went on with regularity and success. Her gardener, in particular, always expected a daily visit to his vegetable-garden, as well as to his flower-borders and shrubbery. Thus not only were the summer-houses, and grottoes, and all the ornamental parts of the extensive pleasure-grounds kept in perfect order

while the more humble, though more useful, kitchen-garden was not neglected. Much as Mrs. Westerley admired roses, carnations, flowering-almonds, tulips, hyacinths, and all ornamental plants, still more did she value those fruits and vegetable productions which, distant as they were from a public market, supplied the hospitable board with comforts and elegancies.

Favoured with a fertile soil and genial climate, she found it not difficult to introduce into her garden many of the most delicious productions of more southern latitudes, ; the most luscious grapes, apricots, and strawberries yielded their fruits no less abundantly than the more hardy apple and pear; while raspberries, gooseberries, and currants, bordering the hedges of her extensive garden, were in their respective seasons seen loaded with rich clusters. Besides the ordinary vegetables raised for family use, Mrs. Westerley's table presented the most delicate asparagus, the citron-melon, cauliflower, egg-plant, celery, tomato, and salsafy; and every herb useful for medicine or culinary purposes found a place in her garden, the good things of which were indeed often generously distributed among her less-favoured neighbours of Westerley Island.

To all these things Mrs. Westerley found time to give some attention, as well as to direct the planting of

shrubbery and ornamental trees. An English traveller on approaching the domain of Mrs. Westerley, might have said it resembled a nobleman's seat. And yet the overgrown fortune of a British noble, the assistance of architects and scientific gardeners, had not been employed in adorning the native beauty of Pleasant Valley; but the simple and elegant taste of a New-England woman, directing the labours of unpractised husbandmen and mechanics, had given rise to most of the creations of fancy with which the landscape abounded. Not but Mr. Westerley himself occasionally directed in these matters, but he usually preferred what he very politely called the superior judgment of his wife in things connected with ornament.

The education of Louisa was resumed with much spirit, after the departure of her sister; and here Mrs. Westerley found employment for her own extensive information, and need of all her patience and perseverance; not that her daughter was either dull or intractable, but, on the contrary, clever and docile: yet the progress of mental development is necessarily slow.—"Line upon line, precept upon precept," are necessary in impressing scientific truths upon the understanding, or opening it to the reception of knowledge indispensable in a thorough education. There are indeed frequent instances in which a young mind will seem at once to seize upon

some truth presented to it, and then the sparkling eye and glowing countenance speak the activity of the intellect, and its delight in gaining a new idea; but often and often does an instructer explain, analyze, and exhaust every illustration in his power, until, seeing no appearance of interest or of comprehension of the subject in his pupil, he gives up in despair. But yet such seasons are not lost, for the seed which has been sown will oftentimes shoot forth when least expected.

In Caroline, Mrs. Westerley saw the fruit of her labours; she was already a companion and friend, and her fine original mind not unfrequently suggested to her mother new and striking ideas. The early disposition which she had manifested for reflection, strengthened and matured by a thorough education, had given a ripeness to her character not often found at her age. She endeavoured to make a practical use of her studies and acquirements, and neglected no opportunity of adding to her information by listening to instructive conversation, or asking questions of older and wiser people, on all proper occasions.

As will have been seen by the foregoing letters, Caroline Westerley was habitually pious, and delighted in referring the various objects in the world of nature to their great Creator. Piety in her had early put forth buds which parental care had nour-

ished with anxiety, and many prayers for the Divine blessing. These buds of promise in due time had blossomed; and at sixteen, Caroline professed before the world her determination, "to lead the life of the righteous." Unostentatious and humble, she was yet firm and decided in bearing her testimony in favour of religion. And the beautiful regularity of her life, her command over her own passions, and charity for the feelings of others, were a constant plea for that faith of which the works were so pure and heavenly.

As to the person and manners of this young lady, they were by no means of an ordinary cast. She was not what is called beautiful; a common observer might, indeed, have thought her features plain, but whoever paused to contemplate the fine expression of her countenance found much to admire, and to excite the wish to become acquainted with the spirit which beamed forth with such light and beauty.

It is, indeed, of little consequence whether the complexion is fair or brown, the eyes blue or black, the features regular or irregular. A wax-figure may be moulded with the most perfect symmetry, and endowed with sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and ruby lips; but who sees beauty in such a figure? Who would think of loving it, of wishing to live with it, discourse with it, or resort to it in seasons of dis-

tress? So the most perfect piece of human flesh, moulded and rounded with all the lines of beauty, and possessing all the charms which the most brilliant and delicate colouring united can give, must fail of inspiring warm and tender sentiments, when the soul does not speak through the eyes, glow upon the cheeks, and light up the countenance.

There is a something, too, in the gestures and carriage, and in the mere tones of voice, which indicates mind; these indications conversation and actions confirm and establish. The manners of Caroline Westerley were not formed according to the artificial rules of a dancing-master, or French governess; though simple and unsophisticated, they were graceful and elegant. A feeling of propriety seemed with her innate, rather than the result of reflection, and she appeared to do always the very thing which was proper, because she knew and thought of no other.

But, as before remarked, the letters of this young lady must be permitted to develop to the reader the character of her mind, and her motives of action. It was not surprising that Louisa, who had always depended upon her sister for counsel and assistance, and enjoyed her society as a companion, sensibly felt her absence, and looked with impatience for her letters.

To Mrs. Westerley these letters were a source of much interest, not only as relieving her anxiety for her daughter's health and safety, but as exhibiting her strength of character and discrimination of mind, in the new situations in which she was placed. "I look after Caroline," she said in a letter to her husband, "as the parent bird, who, having patiently essayed to teach its young to fly, at length sees it fledged and winging its way to a distant wood, beyond maternal warning or care."

There was another member of the family at Pleasant Valley by whom the letters of Caroline were highly prized: this was her young brother, a lad of much sprightliness and talent. He was at this period under the especial care of the Rev. Mr. Hooker, a young clergyman, who, besides his duty as pastor of the small parish at Westerley Island, had undertaken the office of private tutor, and was now a member of the family at the mansion,—as Mr. Westerley's house, by way of eminence, was often called in the neighbourhood.

James considered it a matter of right that he should be called to the parlour on the opening of the letters from Caroline, and he was also very fond of having his tutor present on these occasions, priding himself upon what he thought his sister's wonderful knowledge and sagacity.

Besides the party already named, there were two other persons, who, from their long residence in the family, and the interest felt by them in all its concerns, were often invited to hear the reading of Miss Caroline's letters. One of these was nurse Tomkins, an elderly Scotch woman, who had been with Mrs. Westerley from her first settlement in Ohio. Nurse was therefore looked upon by the children with much affection; and seemed, on her part, scarcely less interested for them than their mother herself.

Rachel Osgood was another person whose relation to the family entitled her to the honour of listening to the news from the "young traveller." This young woman, who was considered more in the light of a friend than a common servant, had accompanied Mrs. Westerley at the time of her emigration from Connecticut, being then but a child. That conscientious woman always appeared to consider Rachel as a sacred trust committed to her charge, and it was her first desire that she should be brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Although her lot in life was humble, and her benefactress did not think proper to exempt her from labour, or to raise her expectations above her situation, yet she kept her much with her and her own children, taught her all the necessary branches of an English education, and fine as well as coarse

needle-work: especially in her religious instructions to her children did she desire the presence and attention of Rachel. The fruit of this care, bestowed upon one of a naturally excellent disposition, appeared in the discretion and propriety of Rachel's conduct, who, though she showed no ambition to get out of her own sphere, still held herself above all companionship of a low or trifling kind. Caroline and Louisa remembered Rachel, as one who had guarded their childhood, and loved and served them with fidelity and patience. They remembered how often she had restrained them, when they would have done wrong, by representing to their thoughtless minds the consequences of their mamma's displeasure, as well as the real evil of bad conduct, and the manner in which it was viewed by God. It was natural that they should love and respect this kind and faithful girl, and so much had they been accustomed to ask her advice and direction, that as they grew older they still felt themselves in some degree responsible to her, as to an elder sister, and Rachel's opinion never failed to be regarded by them with attention.

Mrs. Westerley often remarked, that she felt scarcely less affection for Rachel than for her own children; if Rachel was ill, Mrs. Westerley would herself nurse her, and watch her symptoms with all

a mother's solicitude. In return for this, the kind-hearted and grateful girl loved her benefactress with even more than a daughter's devotion. She entertained for her a respect bordering on veneration, and her first earthly object was the promotion of her comfort and happiness. If Mrs. Westerley at any time looked anxious or unhappy, Rachel was sad; when her benefactress was cheerful, the very birds could not be happier than Rachel. Indeed, she seemed to be a kind of thermometer, by which the whole family were able, without seeing their mistress, to measure the elevation or depression of her spirits.

Never was Rachel known to tire when attending upon Mrs. Westerley, in health or sickness; and often, on occasions of the latter, would she watch at her bedside night after night, refusing all offers of assistance, desiring neither food nor repose while she suffered.

We will now imagine this family group assembled in the little family parlour to hear the letters of Caroline.

Mrs. Westerley is yet youthful in her appearance, although years and deep thought have added to the natural pensiveness of her countenance. But time has not yet laid its frosty hand upon one of her dark brown tresses, or faded the bloom upon her cheeks; her eloquent eye, beaming with a mother's pride, reveals

the feelings of interest with which she regards both the letter to be read and the young and interesting Louisa, who is to be the reader of it. Louisa, seated at the centre table, holding the letter in her hand, casts her eye around the room, as if to see that all who are invited are present. She is about fourteen, her stature rather small for her age, and the expression of her face seems to vary between the glee and vivacity of childhood, and the more sober reflections of maturer years.

Master James has taken a seat upon the sofa by the side of his mother, and seems waiting with impatience for Louisa to begin to read; while his tutor, a thoughtful and reserved man, who had come to the parlour to gratify his little pupil, shows, by an air of abstraction, that his thoughts are not very deeply interested in the scene before him.

Nurse Tomkins, with her clean checked apron, and her plain cambric cap, has entered the room and seated herself in that part of it which she considers least conspicuous and honourable; and Rachel Osgood, with characteristic humility, mingled with affection, has taken a chair which stood near the sofa on which Mrs. Westerley sat, and removed it to what she feels to be a suitable distance, a little in the rear, yet so that she has a full view of the ex-

pression of that fine countenance which to her expresses all that is kind, noble, and good.

Upon a signal from her mother, Louisa opened her sister's letter; but before she commenced reading, she remarked, in a sprightly tone, "The object of this meeting is probably understood by all present to be the examination of a manuscript just received from a 'traveller in the east,' alias Caroline Westerley, from whose profound remarks upon persons and things it is hoped we may all derive instruction, especially the wild and thoughtless girl for whose instruction the scroll is more especially written."

Although this was said with apparent gayety, it was evident that the sensitive heart of the young speaker was touched by deep and tender sentiments; for when she began to read, her voice faltered, and she found it necessary to cough several times, to clear her throat of something that seemed to choke her; while the tears that rushed unbidden to her eyes, were hastily brushed away, as if to prevent their being observed.

The letter read on this occasion was Caroline's first epistle, which was dated from Buffalo; the young reader, by referring to it, may judge of the effect it produced upon the different persons assembled in Mrs. Westerley's parlour. We will merely remark, that Caroline's mother was well satisfied

with her daughter's behaviour in the affair with the Stimpsons, which, from her knowledge of the world, she considered a very natural occurrence; while Louisa was indignant and astonished at the thought that there were any persons in the world who would not know at first sight that her sister was entitled by rank and education to the first and best society. These *fashionables* were to her a new and *nondescript* race of bipeds; for, as there were none in their vicinity, or within their circle of acquaintance, who ever thought of *cutting* the Westerleys (to use the technical term), they on their part were entirely above insolence or arrogance to their inferiors.

Master James was much interested in the explanations his sister had given with respect to the operations of steam, and asked his tutor if he could not help him to construct a small steam-engine, which, with the help of the blacksmith and carpenter, might be carried into operation, and made to move a tiny little boat which he had just finished for navigating Trout Pond in the garden. He thought if this could be done, when his father returned he might obtain permission to have a small steamboat made for going up and down Lake Windermere, so that he might occasionally give his mother and sisters, and the visiters of Westerley Island, a sail upon its beautiful and picturesque lake.

Mr. Hooker, as he arose to leave the parlour, remarked to Mrs. Westerley, with a studied precision of pronunciation and manner, "Miss Caroline's letter, considering her age and sex, is certainly a respectable performance; its greatest defect is a want of the *unities of composition*, which the ancients prescribed, and which modern critics of classical attainments still insist on, notwithstanding the innovations that some loose writers have attempted to introduce. The young lady is, moreover, too discursive in her style, a circumstance which detracts from its nervousness; this, however, is a common fault among female writers, who seem disposed to follow the suggestions of nature, instead of the rules of criticism. But considering the natural feebleness of the female intellect, great credit is due to the industry of many women of the present day in respect to literary attainments." As the Rev. Mr. Hooker made this remark, he bowed respectfully to Mrs. Westerley, as if making a personal application of the compliment, and then laying aside his magisterial tone and manner, he added, with the voice of one who speaks from the heart, "I desire, my dear madam, to bless God that your lovely daughter appears still to cherish a lively sense of her religious obligations."

The old nurse, availing herself of a pause in the conversation occasioned by the departure of Mr.

Hooker and his pupil, said, as she stood with her hand upon the door-latch, "I *woonder* Miss Caroline *didna* tell us whether she got *ony* cold in *ganging* upon the lake, and if she has a *coomfortable bed*, and *gude whulesome* food to eat at Buffalo, and whether the finger that she burnt in her foolish *kamikal speriments* with *posfurious** has got *weel*."

Rachel Osgood, who had listened attentively to Caroline's letter, had felt hurt and surprised that one so kind and gentle should have met with unkindness from any of her fellow-passengers. Rachel had been affected even to tears by Caroline's tender remembrances of home.

As a literary performance, Caroline's letter appeared to the humble Rachel very extraordinary; and she had seen, too, that Mrs. Westerley's countenance betokened approbation of her daughter's performance,—poor Rachel's dismay was, therefore, not slight, when she heard Mr. Hooker utter his criticisms, not only upon poor Caroline, but the whole body of female scribblers *en masse*. Perceiving, however, by a quick and anxious glance at the calm features of Mrs. Westerley, that these remarks caused no other change of her countenance than a slight smile, which, though for an instant visible, was

* It is supposed that the old nurse alluded to a chymical experiment with phosphorus.

immediately succeeded by her usual gravity; she was satisfied that although herself unable to defend Caroline, and female writers generally, the objections of Mr. Hooker were by no means of so fearful and unanswerable a character as she had at first apprehended.

The truth was, that Mrs. Westerley, having seen the strong bias of this gentleman's mind against the belief now becoming in some degree common, that the female mind is not, in its organization, in *all respects*, below that of the other sex, considered it as the more dignified course to remain silent on the subject, while she continued her efforts to cultivate the minds of her daughters, trusting in the ultimate success of her experiments, rather than the power of arguments, to overcome a prejudice injurious not less to mankind in general than the interests of those more directly concerned. Not that this lady believed the same field for literary attainment and literary effort was to be alike cultivated by both sexes. She knew that there was some truth in Mr. Hooker's remark, respecting the tendency of female writers to depart from the severe rules of composition, and to follow the vagaries of their own fancies; and while she wished this to be checked by such studies as would discipline the mind to habits of logical reasoning, she at the same time felt that for many of

the *flowers of literature* the world were indebted to her sex—that while men of strong minds were toiling to dig at the *roots* of science and letters, many women of talents were successfully employed in collecting the *blossoms* and *fruit*, and presenting these to the young in a manner to please their imaginations and invite their tastes.

Our young readers, having now taken a glance at the group who usually assembled to hear the letters which this volume presents to them, will doubtless be impatient to follow the "young traveller" to the end of her journey,—they will wish to hear what she had to say of Utica, Albany, and Troy; and especially of the great American city which lies at the mouth of the Hudson.

Perhaps some who read these letters may feel a wish personally to become acquainted with the young lady who exerted herself to write so much for the entertainment and instruction of her sister. Should this privilege not be permitted them, they can enjoy the pleasure of contemplating her features as delineated in the portrait which the publishers of her letters have caused to be engraved for the gratification of their juvenile readers.

LETTER XI.

Utica, August —, 1832.

My dear Sister,

Before entering upon any of the particulars relative to my journey from Auburn to Utica, I must tell you how delighted I was to find at this place letters from home. Mamma's was full of good counsel and encouragement, and gives me the delightful assurance that she is in health, and finds her time too much occupied to indulge in excessive anxiety for her absent husband and daughter. I am also greatly pleased to learn from mamma, that you, my dear Louisa, are making good progress in your studies, and especially that the too great disposition to leave useful and solid reading for works of a light and amusing cast, which has sometimes occasioned our parents to feel solicitous for you, appears to be in a degree overcome.

One day's ride brought us from Auburn to Utica. Contrary to our intentions, we have been induced by the many objects of interest in the vicinity to remain here longer than we had intended. We have

visited the village of Clinton, which contains Hamilton College, and made a pleasant call at the house of Dr. Davis, the venerable president of that institution. Clinton is about nine miles from Utica; the road between the two places is fine, and the appearance of the latter is such as to inspire ideas of rural quiet and enjoyment. There has been for many years a female school, of considerable celebrity, kept here by the Misses R. The situation of the school is pleasant, and I should think must be healthful. From Clinton we rode a few miles north-westerly to Rome, which is situated near the head-waters of the Mohawk. Here was old Fort Stanwix, built by the British in 1758; this was during the period of what is often called the "old French War," when the American colonies were engaged with England in a war against the French and Indians. Canada was, you know, originally settled by French emigrants, and was therefore considered by the King of France as belonging to his dominions. The Canadians, upon any difficulty with the English colonies, usually stirred up against them the Indians, who, dwelling around the lakes, were on the frontiers of both settlements. The erection of forts near the French and Indian settlements was very necessary, in order to protect the neighbouring English inhabitants from being massacred by their ferocious ene-

mies. Fort Stanwix was built at an expense to the British government of nearly three hundred thousand dollars. The fort at Oswego had, a short time previous to the building of this, been taken by the French under the Marquis de Montcalm, who had by this acquisition gained command of the lakes Ontario and Erie, and the whole territory inhabited by the Six Nations of Indians. These events were soon followed by the taking of Quebec by the English under General Wolf, who was mortally wounded just as the victory was decided in his favour. You will remember the interest we took in reading an account of this in our American History, as well as of the last moments of the heroic Montcalm, the French commander, who died rejoicing that he "should not live to see the surrender of Quebec." The taking of Quebec being soon followed by the surrender of Canada to the English, and the peace of 1763, by which France resigned her territories east of the Mississippi, the forts which had been erected at so great an expense were suffered by the English to fall into ruins. In the war of the Revolution Fort Stanwix was rebuilt; it now presents nothing but a heap of rubbish, situated near the village of Rome, between the waters of the Mohawk and those of Wood Creek, a small stream which runs westerly

into the Onondaga River, by which it communicates with Oneida Lake.

It is said that an idea formerly prevailed, that large quantities of money had in the early days of the country been buried under the fort, and much labour has been at different times devoted to digging for this hidden treasure.

Rome does not, like the "*imperial city*," stand upon seven hills, but is pleasantly situated upon a level table-land, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. I regretted that we had not time to visit the Oneida Lake, which is said to be a beautiful sheet of water, about twenty miles long, and abounding with a great variety of fish of the most delicious kind.

I was told that at a certain season of the year, the Indians say the "lake is in blossom, and the water full of fever and ague seeds." The blossoming of the lake was thus explained:—myriads of small butterflies, principally white, are said to be produced in the swamps and low grounds which border the lake. These insects on adventurous wing, rising into the air, and impelled towards the lake by the slightest breezes, becoming weary and unable to regain the shore, fall with outspread wings upon the surface of the water, which appears at a distance as if whitened with Nympheæ, or white pond-lily. The

water of the lake when taken up in a tumbler appears pure and transparent, but if closely examined is found to be full of small particles, which are in reality the eggs of insects; and which, though they may be innocent of producing fever and ague, no person would wish to drink.

The principal remnant of the Oneida tribe of Indians live at a place not far distant from the lake, called Oneida Castle. These Indians are said to have made considerable progress in Christianity and the arts of civilized life. A gentleman at Rome told us that he accompanied the late Bishop Hobart a few years since on a pastoral visit to these people, who have formed themselves into a regular church of the Episcopal order. Several of the chiefs and others of the Oneidas, at some distance from their village, met the bishop and his suite, and accompanied them to their neat church, which was crowded with the assembled Indians. One of the tribe, Eleazar Williams, who had been educated for the ministry, was ordained deacon, and nearly thirty of the Indians received confirmation. Prayers were read in the Oneida language, and several of the chiefs spoke in answer to the address of the bishop. How very interesting must have been the appearance of these tawny children of the forest, and remnant of a heathen people, bending in prayer before

the "one living and true God," and singing hymns to his praise; for who could but be impressed with the contrast of these exercises to the pagan rites and savage yells which had thus given place to the pure worship and gentle influences of Christianity.

But I must hasten from the interesting objects in this region; I cannot indulge myself as I would like, had I time sufficient for the description, in dwelling upon the scenery about Trenton Falls, or in informing you of the plants, minerals, and petrifactions which I have treasured up as mementoes of my delightful visit to this spot. These falls are situated upon West Canada Creek, a branch of the Mohawk, and present a series of cascades, the principal of which has a perpendicular fall of about fifty feet. The scenery about these falls cannot fail of pleasing all whom nature has power to interest. The lover of the sublime can find enough to admire in the towering precipices, the craggy and broken sides of the creek, and the dashing and foaming of the waters; the beautiful is exhibited in the graceful foliage of the trees, the rainbow, and the white spray which wreathes its misty columns in gentle undulations; the geologist here sees the rock strata uncovered to his view, and the mysteries of past ages, with the changes they have produced upon the surface of the globe, unfolded and explained.

I shuddered as, walking upon the verge of the precipice, I recollected that a few years since a young lady was precipitated into the abyss below, as unexpectedly as would at that moment have been to me the same catastrophe. This young lady was a Miss Suydam, of the city of New-York, who was visiting the falls with a party of friends, from one of whom I have heard the particulars of the accident. It seems she was speaking but a moment before her fall to some of her companions, who, startled by the sound of a heavy splash, looked to the water, where, to their consternation they beheld a part of the dress of their lovely young friend rising to its surface; they could scarcely believe the horrid truth, and their eyes vainly sought her light form upon the spot where they had seen her but a moment since. Had she not been instantly killed by the violence of the fall, it would have been impossible to have saved her from drowning, amid so furious and rapid a torrent. The cause of this melancholy accident is not known, but it is supposed that, venturing too near the brow of the precipice, the young lady became dizzy and lost her balance. Truly may we say that "in the midst of life we are in death."

A lady whom I met at Trenton Falls spoke of this place as having been chosen by a celebrated female novel writer as the theatre of one of her

most important incidents. But the lady thought, and it appeared to me very justly, that the author of Clarence (the work in which Trenton Falls makes so conspicuous a figure) made her heroine commit a great impropriety in sending her out late in the evening to walk alone upon the brow of the precipice, especially as she supposes the place to be at this time thronged with strangers, who had come to view its romantic scenery.

I suspect that papa would not have viewed the thing in a very pleasant light, if I had stolen out the night we staid at the inn near the falls, and wandered about alone, in order to indulge in the reveries of fancy which such a scene under such circumstances might have inspired.

Utica is a very busy place,—in the number of its inhabitants it is said to be nearly equal to Rochester and to Troy. Rapid as has been its growth, Rochester has far exceeded it in this respect; for the former was already a flourishing village while the latter was a wilderness. In the year 1800 it is said there were but a few scattered buildings at Utica; it now contains about ten thousand inhabitants. This city stands upon the south side of the Mohawk, and opposite to old Fort Schuyler; by the canal route it is one hundred and ten miles from Albany, and two hundred and fifty-three from Buffalo. The canal

here is four hundred and twenty-five feet higher than at Albany; it passes through the city, and is crossed by twelve bridges. The amount of business brought to this place by means of the canal is very great; it is said that not much less than one million of dollars are paid annually in tolls to the state collector by the canal-boats which arrive at this place and depart from it.

I am now to put our trunks in order for travelling, as we leave here in the morning.

Your affectionate sister,

CAROLINE.

LETTER XII.

Albany, August —, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I am now on the banks of the noble Hudson, and in fine lodgings in the good Dutch city of Albany; but, according to my custom, I must retrace my journey in order to bring you with me.

I had not yet travelled on the Erie Canal. When at Utica we went on board the packet-boat which was to take us to Schenectady. Every thing about

the cabins had an appearance of neatness and even of domestic comfort; and after a little flourish of music as we left the wharf, we were soon as quiet as if we had been in our own parlour. I had been induced, by invitations from some books and papers which were lying upon a table in the ladies' cabin, to seat myself and commence reading; but papa, tapping me gently on the shoulder, said, half-smilingly and half-reproachfully, "I did not expect, my daughter, to see you thus neglecting to view the country through which we are passing, and to observe the persons and things around you, for the sake of reading books inferior to what you may find in our own library at home. Indeed, Caroline," said he, "much as I have ever encouraged in you a taste for reading and literature generally, I should be sorry to see this taste carried so far as to cause you to neglect any opportunities for learning by your own actual observation. What is gained from books is but second-hand information; what we derive primarily from the study of real objects is peculiarly our own, and gives tone and character to our minds. Indeed, books are valuable but as they assist us in our observations; and when we cease to make use of our own powers, and amuse ourselves wholly with the speculations of others, we are in danger of becoming mere ciphers in existence.

Travelling can only be made useful when the mind is active to observe passing scenery and passing events: we should never fail to watch the character of man in his various conditions, and this with even closer scrutiny than the material world; for, noble as is the latter, and full of amusement and instruction, yet the former, as showing our own nature, is to us an object of still greater interest."

Papa, then taking my arm, walked with me upon the deck of the boat, and pointed out to me various spots, interesting from their historical associations, or native beauties.

We were at this time passing through the German Flats, a level and fertile plain of alluvial land, watered by the Mohawk. Here was formerly Fort Herkimer, which is spoken of in American history; and here the brave General Herkimer was killed in attempting to march with a body of militia to the relief of Fort Stanwix (now Rome), which was then invested by the British and savages, under General St. Leger. With this officer fell four hundred brave men, who were suddenly surprised by an ambuscade. This event occurred in the war of the Revolution, and was soon followed by the taking of the British General Burgoyne near Saratoga, with the large army under his command.

The plan of Burgoyne had encouraged the British

ministry with the hope that they should soon conquer the rebellious colonies, while it had filled the colonists themselves with terror and dismay. This plan was the making a descent from Canada, through the country to New-York city: this was to be performed at the same time by St. Leger and Burgoyne, though in different directions; the former with his force was to proceed down the St. Lawrence to Oswego on Lake Ontario, and to pass from thence by land to Fort Stanwix and Albany; the latter was to sail down Lake Champlain, and march across the country to join St. Leger at Albany, from whence the whole force was to proceed to New-York, and there join Sir Henry Clinton, who then had possession of that city.

Notwithstanding the success of the British, in cutting off General Herkimer and the militia under him, yet when their Indian allies heard that General Schuyler had despatched forces from Albany to oppose them, they became mutinous, and compelled St. Leger to abandon his advantages, and make his way back from Fort Stanwix to Montreal.

Although I had read of these events, I never before so realized that they were actual occurrences, as when papa pointed out the place where General Herkimer was surprised, and at a little distance the

village on the Mohawk which is still called by his name.

We soon reached Little Falls, and here a new and unexpected scene broke upon me; it is impossible to describe the wildness and picturesque appearance of this spot, which more than realized all I had ever fancied of the deep Highland glens of Scotland, or the chasms of the Andes. Lockport, the Genesee, and Trenton Falls faded from my mind before the deep and awful ravine through which the Mohawk here forces its way, and through which the art and industry of man have made a road and canal. Owing to the delay of our boat in passing locks, we were allowed some time for rambling about in this romantic spot, invested with towering mountains, whose inaccessible sides were either covered with lofty trees, or presented bold and frowning precipices of naked rocks.

There are at Little Falls six locks; there being within twelve miles a descent in the canal towards the mouth of the Mohawk of about fifty feet. An aqueduct bridge of marble, over the Mohawk, here connects the Erie Canal with an old canal of four or five miles long, which passes from the village of Little Falls to the town of Herkimer.

The rocks at this place are of *sandy gneiss;* this is the first rock of the primitive formation which

occurs between Lake Erie and the Mohawk, except as occasional large stones or fragments of granite gneiss, or mica slate, called *boulders*, may be found apparently separated from their original stratum. According to the "Geological Survey," in going from Utica to Little Falls the canal passes successively over several rocks of the *secondary class*, some of the *transition*, and finally at the latter place it is for some distance carried through a primitive mountain of gneiss, which has been excavated for the purpose. The ridge of gneiss, soon disappears under rocks of a newer formation, and again rises to view in a lofty point called Anthony's Nose, more than twenty miles distant from Little Falls.

You are not to suppose, my dear sister, that the deck of a canal-boat is one of the most safe and quiet places in the world, for we are here subject to a very disagreeable annoyance, owing to the frequent recurrence of bridges upon the canal, under which the boats must pass; these bridges are not usually raised so high as to permit persons who may be on the deck of the boat to stand, or in many cases even to sit upright, so that it is necessary to be on the look-out, in order to prevent accident. The most interesting conversations are in some degree disturbed by the consciousness of a liability to have our necks broken if we do not per-

ceive the next bridge in time to stoop. Is there not in this, Louisa, an analogy to human life? When we are most happy, we are often most unconscious of the dangers which may be before us; we are too much interested in our own feelings, too well satisfied with ourselves, to think of the necessity there is of *bending to circumstances;* and often by holding our heads up, we get a severe thumping, which a little humility would have saved us from.

Notwithstanding the bridges, I highly enjoyed our canal journey. I had the honour of being introduced by papa to a distinguished naval officer in the United States' service. I was greatly interested by the accounts he gave of the various parts of the world he had at different times visited; he had explored the ruins of ancient Egypt and Greece, had been on familiar terms with the Bashaw of Tunis, and taken coffee with the Grand Seignior of Turkey. The various ports of the Mediterranean were familiar scenes to him, and he described the natural beauties of that region, with many of its scientific characteristics, like a poet and philosopher. I could fill my letter with the interesting and instructive remarks with which his conversation abounded; but I have already said enough to show you what I should have lost had I sat in the cabin, moping over a book whose contents would in a great degree have been

effaced from my mind by the next work which came in my way. But the various historical incidents connected with the country through which we passed, or the facts bearing a relation to these incidents which papa spoke of in connexion with them, together with what I gleaned from the conversation of others, all are now impressed upon my mind as living truths, because connected with objects which have been presented to my senses; or, if you will allow me to be a little metaphysical, because they are associated with things and persons who were the objects of *perception*, rather than of *conception* merely.

A warm night passed in a crowded canal-boat is not without its trials and inconveniences. The crying of children, the fretting of impatient women, and complaints of the infirm, disputes of ladies of consequence with the consequential chambermaid, the occasional drawing aside the curtains which divide the gentlemen's from the ladies' cabins, and popping in of the head of some husband, father, or brother, to see if the lady of their charge is suitably attended to,—all these are things which subtract something from the pleasure of travelling; they interrupt that serenity of mind with which it should be our endeavour to close our eyes, after the offering up of the "evening sacrifice." There were a few among my fellow-passengers who, before retiring to rest, read

in their pocket-bibles, and dared to seem engaged in their devotions.

The novelty of being floated along upon the water, while I lay reposing in bed, together with occasional disturbances in the cabin, did something towards rendering me wakeful, but my thoughts were more than usually busy with home; I fancied the group as seen in our little parlour kneeling at evening prayer, and the sweet voice of my dear mother imploring the blessing of God upon her absent ones, and commending them to his holy care and keeping.

Should I ever again kneel at that beloved family altar, where the purest affections of love and gratitude were mingled and offered up as incense to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift?" Should I ever again enjoy a mother's care, and share with a beloved sister in all my enjoyments and anxieties? These and similar thoughts held my eyes waking till a late hour, when, sinking into forgetfulness, I lay till the beams of morning, darting in at the windows of our cabin, roused me to recollection. The first thought which arose was, that I was in our own delightful chamber at Pleasant Valley, and I turned to bid good morning to my sweet sister; but the sight of strange faces around me, and the remark from a lady passenger, who was just rising from her berth, that we should soon be at Schenectady, reminded

me of my real situation, and that papa might already be impatient to have me enjoying with him the beauties of a fine morning, and the scenery which the shores of the canal might present. I dressed myself in haste, and though my accommodations were not such as my own chamber would have afforded, I met with no great difficulty in making my morning toilet to my satisfaction. I found papa walking upon deck, and was informed that we were very near Schenectady; he told me that we had passed no scenery of peculiar interest during the preceding night; though at a few miles back we might in the daytime have seen in the distance the site of Johnstown, celebrated as the residence of Sir William Johnston, whose name is connected with the early history of our country. He was, said papa, a native of Ireland, and came to this country with his uncle, Sir Peter Warren. The latter was the British commodore who was sent with a fleet at the breaking out of the old French war of 1744, to assist the colonists in their attempts to take Louisbourg, the capital of Cape Breton Island, from the French. Commodore Warren, having married a lady of New-York, purchased large tracts of land upon the Mohawk River, and gave them in charge to his nephew. The latter went to reside upon these possessions, where, surrounded wholly by an Indian

population, he cultivated their acquaintance, and made himself familiar with their language and customs. His influence over the savages was very great, while at the same time he possessed in a high degree the confidence of the colonists. To the latter he often rendered essential services by negotiating for them with his Indian friends and allies.

In 1764 he concluded a treaty with the Senecas, at his own house, called Johnston Hall, where he appeared in the double office of "Colonel of the Six Nations," and "English agent for Indian affairs in the northern parts of America."

He is said to have published a very valuable communication on the "Customs, Manners, and Languages of the North American Indians." I should like much to read this, as his advantages were great for understanding the subject, and this at a period when the Indians had not substituted for all that was great and heroic in their character, the debasing vices which, without the civilization of the whites, they had learned of them.

I was interested by the anecdotes which papa related of Sir William Johnston; I can now only mention the following:—The baronet, having received from England some elegant suits of military clothes trimmed with gold lace, treated his friend Hendricks, a Mohawk chief, with a sight of them.

The Mohawk was delighted with their shining appearance, and could not help thinking how well his fine and erect muscular figure would look in a suit of these clothes. The next day he returned to Sir William, and with much gravity of demeanour informed him that he had the preceding night, dreamed of having received from him the present of a gold-laced suit. Sir William, not deeming it politic to remain blind to the interpretation of a vision so solemnly communicated by a chief who had many warriors at his command, very politely begged him to accept a suit of the clothes. Shortly after this, the baronet waited on the Indian monarch, and informed him that he had dreamed he had given him a tract of several thousand acres of land. "Well," said the chief, "you must have the land; but now, Sir William, I never dream with you again,—you dream too hard for me."

In the French war, Sir W. Johnston was appointed to command the provincial troops of New-York; he distinguished himself at Lake George, by repelling the Canadian and Indian forces, and taking their general, the Baron Dieskau, prisoner. Among other officers who were killed at this engagement was Hendricks, the Indian chief, who, with his warriors, fought under Johnston.

In 1759, four years after the success of Johnston at Lake George, he commanded the provincial troops

under General Prideaux, in an expedition against Fort Niagara, then in possession of the French. The commander-in-chief being killed, Johnston succeeded him; he took the fort, and made six hundred prisoners of war. This was at the time a very important conquest, as it broke off communication between the French at Canada with the French territories of Louisiana. The next year after the taking of Niagara, which soon was followed by the fall of Quebec, saw the English forces combining against Montreal, now the stronghold of the French in Canada. General Johnston appeared at Oswego with one thousand Indians of the Six Nations under his command, and waited for orders from the British general, until he found there would be no call for his services: for the French governor De Vaudreuil, not choosing to encounter the formidable force which the British general Amherst was about to bring against him, surrendered Montreal, without attempting any opposition.

Sir William Johnston, who was greatly attached to England, died a short time before the war which separated the country of his birth from that of his adoption. He directed a large sum of money to be given in legacies to his Indian friends of the Mohawk tribe, to all of whom, even the children, was given mourning to wear for their benefactor.

Sir John Johnston succeeded to his father's title, and was appointed major-general in his place; but at the commencement of the Revolutionary war, he removed into Canada, persuading the Mohawks to accompany him. Unnatural as it may seem, he afterward led these very Indians to ravage and destroy his own possessions and the neighbouring settlements. In 1796 he was, by the British Parliament, made Governor of Upper Canada.

A young lady of Johnstown whom I have met at Albany, tells me that the "Hall" is still remaining; it is an old stone house, and now presents little to betoken the stirring interest and important events of which it was once the theatre. "A descendant of Sir William," said the young lady, "has recently visited our village: he is a foolish, dissipated young man, with nothing of the properties of his distinguished ancestor but the licentiousness which unfortunately darkened the noble features of his character."

You may well suppose, my dear sister, that this sketch of Sir W. Johnston's life, connected as it was with important historical events, occupied us till our boat had reached its destination; indeed I had to beg papa, while seated at breakfast at Schenectady, to finish the story, which I have attempted to render interesting to you, but yet you have never passed

within sight of the old stone house of the Johnstons; you have never beheld the ancient possessions of the Mohawks, or travelled for hours by the side of the river which still bears their name, and how can I expect you will feel the lively interest in stories connected with all this scenery that I do? And yet it seems, Louisa, as if it would be much the same thing for you to hear of them from me as if you had seen them with your own eyes. Papa says, that when we are again at home, he will read to us a work by Paulding, called the "Dutchman's Fireside," in which Johnston makes a conspicuous figure, and which contains some fine descriptions of the scenery of this region.

Of Schenectady I have not time to say much, even if I had the materials. We only staid here long enough to take our breakfast, and then proceeded by the railroad to Albany.

I will merely remark of Schenectady, that I am informed it is one of the oldest Dutch settlements in the state; that in 1690 it was surprised by a party of French and Indians from Canada, who massacred the inhabitants and destroyed their dwellings. There is now little in the aspect of the place to recommend it to a stranger; the inns appeared crowded and comfortless—stages coming and going,

crowds of canal passengers arriving and departing, dogs barking, and coachmen and canal-men swearing, seemed to make up the *tout ensemble* of the picture as presented to my eyes. Yet at the distance of only half a mile from this scene of coarse and vulgar confusion are the classic halls of Union College. Its president, Dr. Nott, has long been distinguished for eloquence, and especially a power of influencing the minds and characters of his pupils. Many of the most brilliant and useful men of our country have been educated under his care.

But, Louisa, I must bring this letter to a close ; I am fatigued with travelling, and confused with the new scenes which open upon me. I must wait till my mind is refreshed by repose, and my view of Albany has been more directed to particulars, before attempting to give you an idea of this seat of government of one of the most important states in the Union. I send you a sketch of the capitol,* a marble building, appropriated to the use of the different branches of the state government. Like the ancient Roman capitol, it is situated upon a hill.

Mamma and you will think we make but slow progress in our journey ; indeed, much as I am interested in the various objects which successively call

* See Vignette.

for our attention, I acknowledge that I begin to feel very desirous of arriving at the venerated home of my dear mamma in Connecticut, and of enjoying the delight of viewing the scenes and of knowing the friends familiar and dear to her childhood. Yet papa thinks it necessary for me to become acquainted with the state of society and manners in Albany and Troy, and the local beauties of this region, as well as the improvements made by art. Sensible of his kindness and anxiety for my benefit, I do not permit myself to repine that my emotions cannot at once be gratified by an immediate completion of our journey. We shall, after a short stay in this vicinity, pass down the Hudson to New-York, where we are to spend a week or two. This beautiful city I am very anxious to see; and I shall not forget to describe to you what will strike me as most interesting in it. From New-York we shall proceed to New-Haven, by the way of Long Island Sound. Papa, you know, loves New-Haven, as the scene of his early studies. We have so often heard him describe its rural beauties, that I think either of us might make a tolerable sketch of it from imagination. A few miles from New-Haven brings us to the dear spot where our parents first beheld the works of God, and learned to view Him as their Redeemer, as well as their Creator.

Adieu, my dear sister, may we, like our parents, enjoy in our meridian of life the satisfaction of feeling that its morning freshness was devoted to virtue and piety.

Your ever affectionate

CAROLINE.

GLOSSARY.

Alluvial—Soil deposited by water, often containing the remains of animals and vegetables.

Alias—Otherwise.

Alumine—Pure clay.

Alum—A mineral salt; a sulphate of alumine and potash.

Aqueduct—A structure made for the purpose of conveying water, either above or beneath the surface of the ground.

Barometer—An instrument for measuring the weight or pressure of the atmosphere.

Biped—An animal having two feet.

Bravo—One who sets law at defiance; the leading character of one of Cooper's novels.

Canal—A watercourse, a long passage or excavation in the earth for conducting water, and confining it to narrow limits; canal-boats are usually drawn by one or more horses, who travel in a path made by the side of the canal, called a tow-path.

Cacoethes-scribendi—An itch for authorship.

Calctuff—A peculiar concretion of carbonate of lime.

Carbonate of Lime—Composed of carbonic acid and lime.

Carbonous Gas—The gas of carbon.

Carbon—A substance which exists pure in the diamond; some kinds of coal are almost pure carbon.

Carburetted Hydrogen—A union of carbon with hydrogen gas.

Calciferous Slate—Slate containing lime.

Calcareous—Partaking of the nature of *calx*, or lime.

Condensation—The act of rendering a rare body more dense; thus, steam on being condensed becomes water; water on being condensed becomes ice.

Conception—An image in the mind; it differs from *perception* in being wholly a mental operation, while perception requires the presence of external objects and the aid of the bodily senses.

Copperas—Green vitriol; sulphate of iron.

Cornitiferous Lime-rock—Lime-rock containing hornstone.

Coral—An animal substance formed by a small insect called the coral-worm.

Corolla—The blossom of a flower.

Cutting—A term used in the fashionable world, to signify the dropping or discontinuing an acquaintance.

Decomposed—Separated into its original elements; thus, carbonate of lime when decomposed gives the two substances carbonic acid and lime

Discursive—Touching on a variety of subjects.

Disintegrated—Separated into particles by means of mechanical division; carbonate of lime or marble, on being broken into pieces is said to be disintegrated; when chymically analyzed into carbonic acid and lime, it is said to be decomposed.

Dog tooth Spar—Crystallized carbonate of lime, in the form of six-sided prisms.

Eclat—A French word, signifying applause.

Engineer—A person who works engines; the word in a more extended sense is applied to those who are skilled in mathematics and mechanics.

Ennui—A French word, denoting a state of indifference, or of weariness of one's situation.

Ethics—The science which treats of morals.

Excavated—Made hollow, or dug out.

Fashionables—People whose consequence in the world depends on a certain style of dress, manners, and mode of life.

Ferriferous Rock—A mineral usually found bearing iron.

Formation—A term which in geology signifies a layer of rocks or of soil supposed to have been formed at the same period.

Freestone—A general name for such kinds of stone as are easily manufactured; sometimes more particularly applied to red sandstone.

Fulcrum—The axis of motion, the prop or support by which a lever is sustained.

Fungus Plant—Belonging to the mushroom family.

Fuse—To melt.

Geology—A science which treats of the earth's formation and of its rocks.

Geodiferous Lime-rock—A kind of limestone which contains geodes or cavities.

Genus—A collection of species.

Gneiss—A compound mineral, considered the oldest rock except granite.

Granite—A mineral composed of mica, quartz, and felspar; the oldest of all the rocks.

Hornstone—A mineral which resembles horn.

Hydrogen—The lightest of the gases; with oxygen it forms water.

Identity—Sameness; personal identity is a subject belonging to metaphysics.

Ignite—To inflame, to set on fire.

Impressions of Plants—In some kinds of rock, particularly

between layers of slate or argillite, are to be seen impressions of ferns and other plants, as if they had been imbedded in the clay when in a soft state.

Iron Pyrites—Sulphate of iron having usually a yellow glittering appearance.

Layer—A bed or stratum.

Labiate Blossom—A flower which resembles the lips of an animal, like the sage, or catmint.

Lichens—Plants which grow in patches upon the barks of old trees, upon stones, and old fences.

Locks—Tight reservoirs for water, made for the purpose of conducting water over declivities.

Locality—From *locum*, a place; it signifies a place or situation.

Madrepore—A species of coral, a carbonate of lime produced by the secretions of a marine insect.

Magnesium—One of the constituents of certain rocks; combined with oxygen it forms magnesia.

Mercury, or *Quicksilver*—Remarkable for being in a fluid state at the common temperature of the air; it is used in the construction of thermometers and barometers, and in chymistry for collecting certain gases; it is also much used in medicine and in the arts.

Mechanics—The science which shows the effects of powers or moving forces, so far as they are applied to engines, and demonstrates the laws of motion.

Metaphysician—One who studies into the nature of the mind.

Microscope—A magnifying glass, used in the inspection of minute objects which cannot be well discerned by the naked eye. The telescope brings distant objects into view.

Mica-slate—One of the primitive rocks, having usually a glistening appearance, owing to the quantity of *mica*, or isinglass, which it contains; it splits into layers, and is much used for sidewalks and steps before buildings.

Mineralogical—Relating to the mineral productions of the earth.

Momentum—The quantity of force in a moving body.

Morgan Conspiracy—A man by the name of Morgan, having a few years since revealed the secrets of the masonic institution, was seized by a number of persons, and forcibly conveyed from his home; he is generally supposed to have been murdered, and his body thrown into the Niagara River. The transaction is called the Morgan conspiracy.

Mountain-ridge—An elevated tract of country extending from the Hudson to Lake Erie.

Muriatic Acid—United to soda this substance forms common salt; it is also called hydro-chloric acid, being by most chymists considered as a compound body, composed of hydrogen and chlorine.

Muriate of Lime—A combination of muriatic acid and lime; called also chloride of lime.

Muriate of Soda—Common salt; called also chloride of sodium.

Natural Science—The study of nature, embracing chymistry, natural philosophy, the various branches of natural history, &c.

Natural History—The study of nature in the departments of zoology, botany, and mineralogy.

Non-descript—That which does not come under the head of any description.

Organization—Structure, form, &c., arrangement of the different parts or members which constitute a compound body.

Oxide of Iron—A union of oxygen with iron, as seen in iron rust and mineralogical specimens.

Oxygen—A gas which united to nitrogen forms the atmospheric air; united to hydrogen it forms water, and to metals and alkaline bases oxides.

Paddle-wheels—Wheels of a peculiar construction, used for propelling boats by means of steam-power.

Petrifactions—Animal or vegetable substances changed to stone.

Perception—An act of the mind, by which external objects become manifest to it (for the difference between this and conception, see the latter word).

Phenomenon—In common language it signifies something strange or uncommon, in philosophy it denotes any change, common as well as uncommon.

Phosphorus—A chymical substance, remarkable for inflaming at a low temperature.

Piston—A part of the machinery of a steam-engine; used also in various other machines.

Potash—An alkaline substance, obtained by burning vegetables and evaporating the lie obtained from their ashes; in chymistry it is known as the oxide of potassium.

Primitive Formation—A term used in geology for that portion of the crust of the earth supposed to have been first formed.

Propel—To move.

Pyrites—A combination of sulphur with a metal, as iron pyrites, copper pyrites, &c.

Pyritiferous Rock—So called because it usually contains pyrites; it belongs to the secondary formation.

Quartz—One of the simple minerals constituting the geological alphabet; it is a genus composed of a great variety of species, some of which are very beautiful; it is often found in splendid crystals.

Red Sandstone—Sometimes called saliferous rock, because it contains salt-beds and springs; it is much used in building.

Rob Roy—A leading character in one of Scott's novels; a freebooter.

Saliferous Rock—So called because it contains salt.

Secondary Formation—Includes rocks supposed to be formed after the primitive and transition.

Secondary Limestone—This rock is generally found above coal-beds.

Selenite Beds—Crystallized gypsum or sulphate of lime.

Soda—An alkaline substance, composed of oxygen and a metal called sodium; in chymistry it is known as the oxide of sodium; it is one of the constituents of common salt, of sea-water, &c.

Solar Evaporation—Drying in the sun.

Steamboat Boiler—The caldron which contains the water for the generation of steam.

Steam-engine—An engine or machine worked by steam.

Steam-power—The power or force produced by steam

Stamens—A term used in botany to denote certain small organs within the blossom of a flower.

Stratum—A bed; the plural is strata.

Sulphate of Magnesia—Is a union of sulphuric acid and magnesia; it is called Epsom salts.

Sulphuric acid—Oil of vitriol; it is formed by the union of sulphur with oxygen.

Sulphurets—Combinations of sulphur with metallic bases.

Sulphate of Lime—Is composed of sulphuric acid and lime; its common name is plaster of Paris.

Shell-limestone—A rock composed of concretions of shells, or containing shells.

Species—A collection of individuals; the union of species into one group forms a genus.

System—A regular arrangement of parts, forming one connected whole.

Tout ensemble—A French phrase, signifying the whole together.

Theory—A philosophical explanation of any process in nature or art.

Treatise—An explanation of principles.

Underlay—A term in geology, used to signify one rock or formation lying beneath another.

Vacuum—Space devoid of all substance.

Vats—Large vessels or cisterns.

Vapour, or Steam—Formed from water on the application of heat; it becomes again condensed into water on being cooled.

Water lime-rock—A rock which is much used in making mortar or cement for canals and bridges; because the action of water hardens it, and renders it more durable.

THE

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